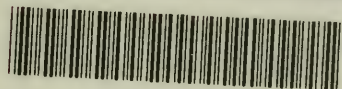


BUGLES AND BELLS

E. E. EWING

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C. C. Curing

BUGLES AND BELLS;

OR,

STORIES TOLD AGAIN.

INCLUDING

The Story of the Ninety-First Ohio Volunteer
Infantry.

REUNION POEMS
AND SOCIAL TRIBUTES.

BY

E. E. EWING.



CINCINNATI:
PRESS OF CURTS & JENNINGS.
1899.

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BUGLES.

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

—*Addison.*

PREFACE.

“BUGLES AND BELLS” have been ringing in my ears for many years. They have furnished music for me, and occasionally their sounds have overleaped the bounds of my own consciousness, and others have heard, and have had the kindness to commend and to express pleasure in the overflow. Those nearest me have suggested that they be perpetuated, and I have listened to the kind suggestion until I am at last constrained to do that which may be the delight of my enemy—“write a book.” It has been written, and it only remains to gather it together, and to breathe into it such life as may be possible by doing what every one does who writes a book—asking everybody’s pardon for the presumption which prompted its publication.

No one need feel compelled to read a word herein contained. If life is too short for him to enter upon the perusal of a single page, in view of the priceless value of time, let him close the book at once. The author never wrote a word of it with a view of prolonging its life beyond the occasion that called it forth. There never was the vision of a solitary dollar between him and his labor of love, for such is every line this book contains. When compensation has sometimes been received, it has

come as a surprise, but to him as sweet as the breath of Spring.

If I were to dedicate this volume, it would be first to my army comrades, and then to my friends who have kindly commended, and so often asked why I have not gathered together my little brood, "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

A busy life has not favored me in literary work. Almost every word has been written at times that should have been devoted to rest. Much of it has been committed to paper in quiet hours of the night, when sleep, "Nature's sweet restorer," should have claimed me for repairs; while the railroad car has frequently been my workshop, thereby relieving the tedium of travel, and giving play to the thoughts that haunted my fancy, or claimed the warmth of my heart for the friends in whose behalf the "Bells" swung to and fro, or my fancy ran the gamut of the "Bugles," whose echoes came to me from what is now the land of "Long Ago."

I greet you, kind reader, with the love that has prompted every effort this volume contains.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1899.

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PROLOGUE.

HOW many years have fled since closed
This bloody conflict! Interposed
Have many scenes enacted been
That move to pity. We begin
To look behind us; for before
Seems little cheer for us in store,
Unless we look beyond the line
Dividing life and death. Resign
We must the hopes we long maintained
For happiness, since unobtained.
It took us long to understand
How hard to build as we had planned.
Our plans were good enough; our zeal
Was strong; but most have had to feel
That Caution may be lulled to sleep,
And Care her vigils cease to keep;
And so have learned that every stream
A current has, and though our dream
Lay hold on scenes where Beauty paints
Her bright conceptions, there are plaints
That rise among the rippling waves
That tell of rocks and hidden caves
We could not think had lined the way
Till o'er us fell the warning spray
That leaped from shoals before unseen,

We little thought could intervene
'Twixt us and our most cherished goal
Whose prospect had entranced the soul.
I do but tell how it has been
Since 'Time began; for all would win
What none have found, or so it seems,—
The guerdon of our youthful dreams.

At times we rise above the tide;
Our vision reaches far and wide,
And not a sail is spread to view
That does not seem for me or you.
Our ships are coming home. They ride
The waves with bounding pride;
Their prows are pointing toward our shore,
To bear to us their precious store.

A night may come and intervene
Between us and th' enchanted scene;
The ships are turned toward the sea
And Hope has changed Despair to be.
In tropes and figures we're inclined
To give expression to the mind;
And as the years still fly apace
We keep us girded for life's race.

Not only on the battle-field
May we succeed, or have to yield;
Contentious are the throes of Life,—
Nor Peace alone nor yet all Strife.

Content to entertain the one,
And bid the other to be gone,
May just as well engage our thought
That Life's best mission may be wrought.

I take whatever proffered cup
That to my lips may be held up ;
I quaff whatever seems the best,
And leave results to meet the test
That stamps us pure or only base,
And brings us each and all to face
The estimate the world has placed
On us which will not be effaced.

How oft we have desired to trace
The backward way, and find the place,
Where two divergent roads had been,
And there our way anew begin !
'T is better to forget the past ;
Discomfiture may not outlast
The time allotted to us yet
Before the sun of life be set.

We talk of beacons on the sea,
But wreckage has not ceased to be.
We talk of life-lines being cast
While death is perched upon the mast.
But soon 't will be as is a dream ;
We 'll realize that as a stream
Our lives have been, and so shall be
Till merged into eternity.

THE STORY

OF THE
NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT, OHIO VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.

FIRST REUNION, APRIL 8, 1868.

OUR BOND OF UNION.

OUR Bond of Union is to me
A pleasing theme, and so must be
To every comrade here to-night,—
A very well-spring of delight.
A few short years ago and few
Who gather here each other knew.
And when we met we little thought
Such bonds between us should be wrought.
We may have stood apart awhile
To study each peculiar wile
The other had, and sought to find
Affinity in soul and mind.

As time passed on we little knew
How strong attachments formed and grew
Until each other's joys and woes
Were shared by all. In all arose
A feeling strong, sincere, and deep
Which never can be lulled to sleep,

That danger shared in duty done,
Cements our fellowship in one;
Then who will ask at whose behest
Our willing feet have hither pressed?
Or why to-night we gather here?
What mystic tie that we revere?

For every heart responds anew
To those strong ties that erstwhile grew
A threefold cord 'twixt man and man,
And God himself approved the plan.
Such is our faith. We do not deem
It sacrilege to make our theme
The sanctioned of the Soul Divine,—
The essence of his wise design.
We fought that shackles should no more
Bind down our fellow-men. Before
High Heaven's list'ning ear we said,
"Our brother shall be free indeed."

And so we've hastened to renew
Our friendship thus grown strong and true,
Our fellowship through those dark years
Of grief and wrong, and blood and tears.
Three years! and Memory is still
Uniting webs with subtile skill,
Whose warp and woof are crimson dyed,
And flecked with sunshine's glint beside.
Could we so meet and still forget
The scenes through which we passed and let
No thoughts intrude, that bring no tears,
Enhance our joys nor calm our fears?

'T would call for pity, and the thought
Would be a burden sadly fraught,
Then here's the pledge that we renew
A friendship ardent, lasting, true.
Three years of peace have sped away
Since we returned from the array
And pomp of war, and its distress
And its attending balefulness.
Like waves that sweep up from the sea
And lave the shore, then peacefully
Recede and mingle with the deep
Wide ocean, and be lulled to sleep;

So have we come from out the strife
Upon the scenes of peaceful life.
To dig and delve, our part to bear,
Whatever be its need or care.
For had not Treason o'er the land
Obtained almost supreme command?
Were not our brothers driven back
Leaving blood in every track?
Was plighted faith not oft betrayed
That should the gory tide have stayed?
Did not the traitor on yon shore
Bring menace to your very door?

THE CALL.

Did not the haughty monarch smile
And mock us, and rejoice the while
That Freedom's flag was rent and torn
And made the subject of his scorn?

Did he not point and say "Undone"
Our Motto was, "In many, one?"
Did not our blood reach fervent heat?
Did not our hearts more quickly beat?
Did we not hear above the roar
The call, "*Six hundred thousand more?*"
Could Lincoln speak and we not hear?
Could we be awed by any fear?

His call the lightning seized and sped
To bear it forth. The Nation's head
Must be obeyed, and so we cast
Our lives into the balance vast.
We trusted that the right would win,
We knew to hesitate were sin,
We knew to do, and even die
If need be, we should not deny.
Six hundred thousand heard the call,
The cadence scarce had time to fall,
That bore the message on its wing
To waiting heroes lingering.

TO ARMS.

They sprung to arms, for well they knew
Their services were still their due;
No thought of weariness and toils
Nor yet of pay or Warfare's spoils.
The plow was left amid the field,
Nor yet was panoply or shield
Familiar to the Spartan band
Who rallied forth to save the land.

The student cast his books aside;
His thirst for lore was thus denied,
For higher, greater duties pressed
Him forth the storm of war to breast.

THE CAMP.

The tradesman left the crowded mart,
Bade hopes of gain from him depart
Till proudly he might come again
When wiped away the treason stain.
By all the camp was quickly sought
That transformation might be wrought;
From citizen to soldier passed,
For weal or woe the die was cast.
To catch the step and learn to dress
By right or left in readiness,
Were lessons learned for future need,
But irksome quite, by all agreed.

THE DRILL.

The guns at length came on the field;
The Springfield, if you please; to wield
Required a giant's strength, and when
We fired them off, where were we then?
We learned to ground our arms, and take
The same; and then we learned to quake;
When practicing to punish foe
Our weapons wrought our overthrow.
Our knapsacks strapped we on our back,
For strength we thought we did not lack,
Well filled with clothes a change or two,
And books and pictures not a few.

PREPARATION.

A housewife filled with pins and thread
And scissors, thimbles and a shred
Of calico alike some dress
That seemed to you all loveliness,
Since she had worn it whose bright eyes
Could challenge e'en the vaulted skies
To show a more cerulean hue
Than shown in constancy for you.
The knapsack soon began to shrink,
Away went books and paper, ink;
Away went clothes, the extra lot,
But just one thing departed not.

DISCRIMINATION.

The picture of the girl you left
Behind you; you were not bereft;
That crept away beneath your vest,
And sent back home was all the rest.
In spite of loves that filled each breast,
And idol each had cherished best,
Upon the altar left to burn
Was patriotic zeal alone.
Who now shall be the first to reach
The falt'ring ranks and fill the breach?
We little knew of warlike art;
We only knew that mind and heart
And strength and will impelled us on
To deeds of valor yet undone;
No boastful spirit dared find rest
Or glory vain in any breast.

For well we knew our foeman's steel :
If ours were worthy, it were well.
I need not lead your mem'ry back,
Or mention now your first attack ;
Hard-tack it was, you can't forget,
Its flavor lingers with you yet.
Our next was made on beans and pork,
A good digestion did the work.

THE MARCH.

But passing now these early scenes
Of soldier life, our march begins ;
Now came the testing of the blood,
For war means more than drink and food,
And that these last were secondary
Became apparent, early, very.
Some for fight were almost spoiling,
And so despised the daily toiling
Involved in all the kinds of drilling
In which was nothing near so thrilling
As the sight of foe advancing,
The thought of whom was so entrancing.

THE SIFTING.

It takes a shot or two to tell
Who stands his ground or ill or well ;
And he who longs to see a fight,
Finds just a glimpse sufficient quite
To satisfy his thirsting soul,
And henceforth keep within control
His hostile spirit, and the day
Of further conflict far away.

And should such conflict come again,
Our hero will his ire restrain
And wish to witness from afar,
When loosened are the dogs of war.

THE FOE.

For once when twenty miles or so
We'd marched and come to Buffalo,
And with our weapons had begun
Before the rising of the sun
To drive the rebel pickets in
With frantic yell and clanging din,
How soon had some ambitions ceased
And longed from strife to be released!
For while they shot with random aim,
The well-directed volleys came
From arms that spoke on other fields,
Impelled by breasts that wore no shields.

THE SKIRMISH.

They bared them to our proffered darts,
Sustained, undaunted by strong hearts;
For he who underestimates a foe
May suffer more beneath the blow.
'T was thus that some were brought to test—
The worst was winnowed from the best—
The best a recognition gained
For valor on the field maintained.
'T was but a skirmish, but it served
To mark the men who stood or swerved;
And future fields were won by men
Who stood their ground and conquered then.

EXPLANATION.

What strange excuses men will give
That other men will not believe!
“Cut off,” were some far in the rear,
Though trembled in their breasts no fear;
While some by shells’ concussion felled,
Were long unconscious, and withheld
From rushing headlong into fight,
Whose conflict would have been delight.
’T was thus that heroes lost a chance
To keep their courage in advance,
But future fields beheld the same
Sad havoc overtake their fame.

LEARNING TO FIGHT.

’T was not the field that we had won
So much as that we there begun
To know somewhat of war’s alarms
And eccentricity of arms,
The shouts, the roar, and frantic yells,
The zeal, the spirit that impels
To deed of daring and success
That heightened our aggressiveness.
We thought we knew how fields were won,
And that our warfare had begun;
Henceforth no foe would dare to stand
Before our prowess—thus we planned.

THE PURSUIT.

We followed a retreating foe.
There was no chance to strike a blow

Before he reached his mountain home,
And winter's snows and rains had come.
A year of quiet and unrest
By Gauley's stream or Sewell's crest,
Was spent, and in our daily round
A chance for doing good was found.
The homesick boy might oft be cheered,
And kept from being conscience-seared,
And taught betimes life's better ways
Amid those uneventful days.

THE SCHOOL.

Some learned to read and some to spell,
Some learned writing, learned it well;
Wrote letters to the girls, who wrote
To them again, and so, remote
From home, they seemed to bring home near,
And share its comforts and its cheer.
We got acquainted very well
With each other, and we could tell
About how much we could depend
On every comrade; in the end
Our winter had no discontent
Save what was for our favor sent.

THE UNFOLDING.

We read the news, and East and West
And North and South were brought abreast
In our review, and now who find
Themselves in any way inclined
To retrospect, well gratified
Will be to see the rapid stride

We made in learning how the world
Was governed, and the ways unfurled
That Providence by wise design
Had kept obscure; but now the sign
Of larger blessings filled the earth,
For better things should soon have birth.

DEATH'S INVASION.

And so another year was spent,
Scarce knowing what by war was meant;
But Death with breathings cold and damp
Came often to invade our camp,
And none his blighting hand could stay.
Among the spirits lured away
Were those of *Blessing*, true and brave,
And *Niday*, blithe and young. The grave
Conceals them wholly from our sight,
But we remember them to-night.
Death nobler spirits never led
In all the armies of the dead.

RUMORS OF WAR.

On every wind, on every blast,
On every zephyr floating past,
On every fragrant matin breath,
Came whisperings of blight and death.
While War's fierce notes but louder grew,
They bade Truth's champions be true,—
To shrink not from the battle's chance,
But with firm confidence advance;
However sweet our lives might be,
However dear our friends, still we

Must keep in mind a wary foe
Is ours to meet where'er we go.

ADVANCE.

Let us recall the first of May,
When marshaled in a grand array,
Were all the armies of the North;
Remember how we sallied forth,
And how the columns reached away
O'er many miles, and how the day
Was filled with hope, and almost cheer
That sign of action should appear,
Though sure our march could only bring
Us to the foe, still wondering
If on our banners there might be
The seal of woe or victory.

FOLLOWING CROOK.

Where *Crook* should lead, there we might go,
Nor recked we where or who the foe;
Besides our *Turley* knew full well
The spirit of his boys. I tell
The story now with worthy pride;
For were there not with us beside
A host of heroes, and each name
Will wear sometime its wreath of fame:
Hayes and *Powell*, *Goff*, *Duval*,—
But time forbids my naming all.
Look well and scan the Future's page
And read their names and lineage.

THE BIVOUAC.

The bivouac with its gibe and jest,
The preparation for our rest,
Our sleep, our dreams, the waking morn,
On recollection's tablets borne,
Will surely not be soon erased,
Though time shall see them much effaced.
We follow a retiring foe,
Who only seeks our way to know,
So confident at length to spread
Disaster in our path and dread.
Nine days we marched in weariness
Through mountains, vales, and wilderness.

CLOYD MOUNTAIN.

"And now," bethought our wily foe,
"Thus far, no farther, shall you go,
Cloyd Mountain's fastnesses defy
Your further progress. Come and die!"
But *Crook* sent forth a bugle blast
That waked the mountain echoes; passed
The defiles, trained his guns below
On fields where thousands would bestow
Fierce battle, thirsting for our blood,
Prepared to overwhelm us like a flood,
And lure us on to such defeat
As meant our capture or retreat.

Brave *Jenkins* led the foe that day,
Who, with an oath, was heard to say,

While he arrayed his mighty host,
That should the battle there be lost,
Himself should render up the ghost;
Prophetic were his oath and boast;
For ere that day's last beams were shed,
That field was strewn with foemen dead.
The boastful chief himself went down,
And mangled lay with mortal wound;
Much as the wind drives chaff away
His marshaled hosts fled in dismay.

It may be said that until then
We little knew our bravest men;
For not till 'mid that battle's roar,
From all that had been known before,
Could we discern the brave and true,—
Who laggards were, yet such were few;
And while the bugle's martial breath
Still called for deeds that might mean death,
And while the musket's deadly crash
Was heightened by the cannon's flash,
We hurled us on the foeman's line
Where bristling sabers most did shine.

'T was then that dying groans replied
To saber stroke, and heroes died,
Yet like an ocean's wave we pressed
Upon the vanquished and distressed.
The foe reluctantly must yield,
And we are victors of the field.
Then brave men wept, for there could be
One sadder scene than victory,

And only one, and that, defeat.
But now our triumph was complete ;
Our eyes beheld the fleeing foe
In great disorder southward go.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

But who may think on comrades gone
Beyond that bourne whence none return,
And not feel swelling in his breast
The throes that will not be repressed?
Yet when defeat's deep mists are spread
Between the living and the dead,
What anguish shall we set apart
More painful to the soldier's heart?
Such sorrow came to us and dread,
While we disposed our cherished dead,
And laid their forms beneath the clod,
Their souls commending to their God.

'T was then *Clark* fell, and he was true
And wise in counsel, strong to do ;
His spirit would not leave its clay
Until the conflict passed away.
When gazing on the setting sun,
Well knowing that his race was run,
His life-blood moistening the sod,
His soul returning to its God,
His lips still moving with the prayer
That o'er his loved ones still that care
Would be that marks the sparrow's fall,
And watches lovingly o'er all,

He asked, "How has the battle gone?"
"The day is ours," was said by one.
Then o'er his face there came a smile
That faintly lingered there awhile.
"Thank God," he said, "now I may die."
His light went out, but shines on high!
And o'er that sun-browned soldier face
An angel presence whispered peace.
"Death loves a shining mark," 't is said:
To such an one his arrow sped
When *Captain Clark* stood in its way
On duty when he died that day.

NEWBERN BRIDGE.

Now when another day had passed,
The end we sought was gained at last;
The Newbern bridge long guarded well,
In burning fagots, reeled and fell;
And while the missiles thick and fast
Played on our ranks or hurtled past,
'T was Crossland's match that lit the flame
That burned the mighty bridge in twain.
Then did the smoky columns rise
Our sign of triumph to the skies;
Then did the flames to heaven aspire,
As 't were the foeman's funeral pyre.

While on New River's placid stream
Float burning brands, and wreathing steam,
Our shouts, how did they rend the sky,
The rallying song, "The Battle Cry!"

We could not if we would forget,
We often seem to hear them yet.
And when the snows of age have spread
The whitening flakes upon our heads,
Our minds will wander to that scene,
And we shall live it o'er again.
That task assigned us had been done,—
The conflict had been fought and won.

WHAT NEXT?

Thus far our part we had done well;
Where next, what next, no one could tell;
Toward other fields our course must be,
With banners flushed with victory.
Then came the rain, and day by day,
Through mire and slush we made our way,
Impeded here and there by men*
Unworthy of our note or ken;
Not fit were they to be enrolled
With honest men. They were controlled
By love of mercenary gain,
Like pirates on the sea's domain.

O'er mountains and through vales we passed,
And that our strength held out to last
Through this dread march seems to us now
So strange! We dare not think of how,
With little cheer upon the way,
We struggled on day after day.

* Bushwhackers.

The shots that came from hidden foe
Annoyed us much, since to bestow
An answering shot were only vain,
For foes were out of sight again.
I have no language to portray
The obstacles that hedged our way.

On Peter's Mountain stood at bay
A sturdy band our march to stay;
But when the guns began to roar,
It vanished and was seen no more.
When reached was Greenbrier's flood at last
We safely o'er its torrent passed.
Then camped we on the other side;
Awaiting what might next betide,
We lingered near its sunny banks
And rested while our thinned-out ranks
Gave evidence of war's distress
And its attending balefulness.

GREETINGS FROM GRANT.

The news was cheering. "All goes well,"
Wired Grant, and there was much to tell.
The battles in the Wilderness
Resulting in a grand success,
Were followed up, and everywhere
Was victory. The very air
Was full of triumph, and we thought
The splendid work that we had wrought,
Was part and parcel of the whole
Which cheered a many a weary soul.

And Sherman, where, O where was he?
In triumph striding toward the sea!

THE MARCH RENEWED.

Again was heard the drum's long roll,
And anxious bodings filled each soul;
Once more the Alleghany's crest
Loomed up to view, was scaled and past,
With every inch contested still
By hardy foes with stubborn will.
Let Jackson's river testify,
And Panther Gap could well defy
Our passage; how we swept aside
Its snares and gained the other side,
Is surely not for me to say,—
The wonder is we live to-day.

So step by step, and day by day,
O'er weary miles we won our way;
Through mountain gaps and vales beside,
Through seething streams both deep and wide
We kept our course till Staunton's spires
Came into view. 'T was there the fires
Of hostile camps were smoldering still
Which we enkindled, and until
The troops that Hunter led were brought
Abreast our line, we only sought
For rest that needed strength might be
For struggles that we soon should see.

THE BOY CADETS.

Toward Lexington we took our way;
McCauslin blocked our path each day;
Right valiantly did he contend
That our invasion soon might end.
Refusing so to acquiesce
In any kind of readiness
In his desire, we plodded on
Till we had come to Lexington.
'T was then that youthful pluck and blood
Awhile our farther march withstood;
The boys* while learning arts of war
Had learned to hurl the bolts of Thor.

THE TORCH.

Now Hunter's way of making war,
Seemed strange to us, and we thought far
From methods we esteemed humane.
The torch is not the means to gain
Affection from a driven foe,
But signal of revenge and woe.
Of course it must be understood
That war is war, and that no good
Must be expected when are met
The foemen; and that never yet
Have men forgot to strike such blows
As bring most evil to their foes.

Our sojourn here was not the kind
Best suited to console the mind

* The military students.

That contemplated peace at last,
When battles should be overpast ;
And few there were to give assent
To Hunter's modes of punishment.
The torch destroys, but not subdues ;
Smacks of despair, can not diffuse
A confidence that when the blow
That ends the war shall fall, the woe
Or weal, whichever it may be,
Will find the land in unity.

Here Jackson's grave is covered deep
With flowers, and his quiet sleep
Is not disturbed though foemen stand
About his dust on every hand.
The banner under which he died,
At our approach came down to hide
Away, protected by some friend
Till our invasion there should end.
There Washington in *iron* stood,
A statue representing good.
Behold the contrast, if you will,—
The last did well, the former ill.

OUR CAUSE WAS JUST.

The charity that covers deep
Our evil deeds when comes Death's sleep,
May be invoked abroad to spread
It mantle o'er our foemen dead ;
But we must swear eternal hate
For treason dead or animate ;

And never once give our consent
That wrong is right through sentiment;
But still declare and cry aloud
That neither stole nor winding shroud
Shall yet subdue our sense of wrong,
Nor shield it from a scathing tongue.

“PRAYING TO THE SELF-SAME GOD.”

It seems so strange that men who hate
Each other, still may formulate
Their prayers for triumph to the same
Great Being in the same great Name,
As though he heard and answered prayer,
Not as he keeps a watchful care
Above the sparrows that none fall
Without his notice, if at all;
But just as though a fervent tongue
Might start the chords of harps unstrung,
And wake them into life at will,
Guided by superior skill.

FORWARD.

Then toward the south our march again
We took—all was conjecture then—
Across the James, near Otter peaks,
And where the river passage seeks
The Blue Ridge Mountains through,
'Mid scenes of grandeur, weird and new,
Till looking eastward we could see
The quiet homes of Liberty,

Whose streets the shading trees o'erspread
To form a canopy o'erhead,
Where 't was befitting Peace might reign,
If Peace should ever come again.

But all around our camp the sound
Of shots was heard; and bugles wound—
Their signals to advance, retreat,
To saddles, and the foe to meet;
Yet sleep came sweetly to dispel
Our anxious thought. Dreams might foretell
The dangers of the coming day,
If dreams such warning may convey.
And who shall say that in our sleep
Some guardian angel may not keep
His watch and ward, and warning speak
Of things that we may shun or seek?

LYNCHBURG.

Now every step of our advance
Was full of danger, and the chance
Of conflict changed to certainty,—
Conjecture to reality.
The skirmish line sent forth a roar,
Of musketry, and we had more
Than just a taste of battle, for
The fight was on, and this was war.
And so it was through all the day
We onward pressed and kept our way
Till Night her sable roof o'erspread,
To give us rest and count our dead.

Then came a day that grieves us yet
When we remember how beset
We were by legions many more
Than we had thought there were before;
Yet surging forward through the rain
Of shot and shell, we sought to gain
The fortress that a prudent foe
Had made, but had to undergo
The pain of failure, for support
Had been withheld. We dared not court
Uneven chances; the sun went down
To leave the battle partly won.

Our dead were many, and there lay
Upon the field that fateful day
So many wounded, and the scene
Was pitiful; the stars the only sheen
That dared to shed a feeble glow
Upon the field, because the foe
Kept warfare on each little light
That dared to glimmer through the night.
Our *Turley* fell with wound so sore
That grieved was every heart. Before
Another day had dawned, the grave concealed
Our dead upon the battlefield.

The morn's first beams a line disclosed
On either side a force disposed
For deadly work; and soon the roar
Of cannon louder than before,
Grew louder. 'Then 't would cease
As if declared an armistice;

And then a shot or here or there
Was heard as though it might declare
The battle ready to begin,
By chance or mischance ushered in,
And shot and shell at random ranged,
At intervals were oft exchanged.

THE RETREAT.

All day in intermittent waves
The battle raged, and there were graves
To dig for men to occupy;
For in such battles men must die.
When night had come, our forces crept
Out on the highway; all night kept
Their course toward the constant star
That sends its beams to us so far.
No need to tell us that retreat
Had come to our reluctant feet.
Discovering that we were gone,
The enemy came swiftly on.

And so it came to pass that we
Were fleeing from the enemy.
Remorseless hunger gave more pain
Than armed men, and more were slain
By its encroachments and by sun
At broiling heat we could not shun,
Than by the blows our foeman gave,
And not a day but that a grave
Was made to hide some comrade deep,
And leave him to his lasting sleep.

Then girding up our loins once more,
We bore our burdens as before.

'T is hard to make the pen portray
The sad events that day by day
Befell us as we felt the chill
That each night brought, and all the ill
That weariness and thirst and heat
Engendered through the day, replete
With pangs that entered mind and soul,
No earthly power could control.
At Liberty we held at bay
Through sleepless night the foemen's way,
And when the morning dawned, renewed
Our course, relentlessly pursued.

CHAGRIN.

I've told in other lines the joys
That sometimes bide with soldier boys ;
But days there were of deep distress,
Anxiety and earnestness.
The burning heat of summer's sun,
The thirst and hunger just begun,
That mountain fastnesses defied
To be assuaged or satisfied ;
The days that into weeks must run
Ere rescue may be fully won,
With foe in front and foe in rear
And cause enough for dread and fear.

'T was then that greatness near at hand
Profound respect did not command

Among the boys who always wrought
Great things from every battle fought,
If they had had their way; and oft
Our banner has been borne aloft
By that grand spirit so imbued
That victory has thus ensued.
Across the mountains towards the west
We kept our way, and all distressed,
Till dear Kanawha's crystal flood
Was reached and our abundant food.

SUCH IS WAR!

There was not time to count the cost,
How much was gained and how much lost.
Adown the Shenandoah's side,
Our foeman stalked with haughty pride;
And we must meet him ere he lay
Our Northern homes in dread dismay.
Because our troops such havoc wrought,
Reprisal all the more was sought.
But such is war, no other name
Conveys a meaning quite the same;
And how shall I put into words
That meaning that the theme affords?

THE SCENE SHIFTED.

At Martinsburg, delay and rest
And rally. There remained a test
Severer than was ours before,
Yet grandly all of it we bore.

Each day the booming guns were heard,
But who the victor was, no word
Came to our ears that gave us cheer.
On every hill did foes appear;
The bugles of the enemy
Kept up their calls throughout the day,
And still through all the weary night,
As challenge to the coming fight.

“Insatiate Demon War, O, when
Wilt thou release thy hold on men?
When shall be stayed this crimson flood?
This stream of brothers’ mingled blood?
Dost not relent when thou dost see
The hearts made desolate by thee?
Dost thou not see on every hand
The sable woof that palls the land?
Still Duty, let thy bidding be
The beacon star that guideth me;”
Each in his inmost soul thus said,
Yet followed on as Duty led.

CARTER FARM.

We met the foe at Carter Farm
Where Crossley left his good right arm,
And Wilson, Rockhold, Willard, Steece,
Received a piece of lead apiece.
You must remember how we stood
Before our foemen in the wood.
Our single line in open field
Confronted columns well concealed,

With rocks and trees their citadel,
Their work of blood projected well ;
Then how a living wall we stood,
Each moment costing precious blood.

Then " Forward " was our battle cry,
Resolved to conquer or to die ;
We rushed upon their well-closed ranks,
And doubled in their lengthened flanks.
From blows well planted left and right,
They quickly sought escape in flight.
Had we but known how many they
Who stood before us on that day,
We might have had less courage then
And other ending might have been.
Twelve hundred were we, and no more ;
Five thousand were they! Mark the score.

LANGUAGE FAILS.

Did words obey the heart's behest
To weave the measure it loves best,
To every man that fell that day
Would I a fitting tribute pay.
But history will keep a page
Illumined on from age to age,
That truly shall, though briefly, tell
The story of your valor well.
I need but touch, and lo! the rest
Comes trooping upward in each breast.
And still we ponder o'er again
And tremble at what might have been.

WINCHESTER.

Though chafed in many a battle's heat,
We never yet had known defeat;
Though pressed we never had to yield,
But victors were on every field;
And so 't were painful to rehearse
How came at length our first reverse.
Winchester Sabbath bells rang out
A joyful sound, and the devout
Assembled to revere the Lord
And ponder o'er his precious Word.
And brighter smiles were never worn
By this green earth than on that morn.

The foemen's notes were not suppressed;
The bugles' blast at east and west
And north and south gave forth a sound
That soon interpretation found;
For cannon soon began to roar,
Each moment louder than before,
And yet the muskets' deadly crash
Gave answer to the cannons' flash;
And there was running to and fro,
While foemen did not lack a foe,
And desperation reigned supreme;
As tossed on a resistless stream,

Came Early's hosts along the plain
As curbless as the surging main;
Outnumbered were we while we lost
Our discipline at fearful cost.

Reluctantly were we to yield
The vantage of the mooted field.
Before the day had ceased we knew
Humiliation through and through.
And what it was to be pursued
And overwhelmed, and be imbued
With consternation deep and sore
Of which we might learn something more.

PERSONAL.

If with a word I may intrude,
'Tis to express my gratitude.
When left upon the battle-field
With not a ray of hope revealed,
Save that sweet hope which fondly clings
To other than terrestrial things,
My life's blood flowing sure and fast,
Each moment seeming as the last;
When sleep came stealing through my frame,
From which I might not wake again,—
It seemed before another sun
Should gild the earth, my race were run.

'T was then that Heaven gave me friends;
Blest source on which all good depends;
As if allied by flesh and blood,
These faithful friends who o'er me stood,
With watchfulness were not content
Till every hopeful means was spent,
And from death's downward, beaten track
They lured my fainting spirit back.

Their deeds of love must ever be
As dear to others as to me.
Their deeds of love may Heaven bless
And shield them ever from distress.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

Our laurels still were green and bright
As though we had not lost the fight;
Though torn in many rifts and shreds,
Our banner still waved o'er our heads,
And nerved each comrade to endure
The sting that only time could cure.
And when the brightness of the noon
Gave way to somber dusky gloom,
The hurrying clouds came bounding forth
To give their moisture to the earth;
The winds pealed forth their wildest strain
And brought their chilling breath again.

FALLING BACK.

Through all the night, in field and wood,
There groped pursuing and pursued.
Our army all in fragments torn,
But not destroyed, howe'er cast down;
And never did a band of men
Seem longing more for light again,
Which when it came brought little more
Than scenes of terror as before.
All day in hotly pressed retreat
And weariness we dragged our feet;
Hope lingered, and abiding trust
That God would bless a cause so just.

HAIL, SHERIDAN!

Now on Potomac's northern side
We lingered and the foe defied;
And noting each design or chance
Prepared to make *one more* advance.
With rest a new commander came,—
What foe but trembles at his name?
Brave Sheridan shall lead the van,
In vain our foes may scheme and plan;
A catapult his very name,
His presence more, and to reclaim
The ground we lost both sure and soon
Is our expected, longed-for boon.

Let Jubal Early now beware,
For he shall have the tender care
Of one whose love and tenderness
I can not very well express.
Reverse the words, reverse them well,
Their meaning then may better tell
What is in store and what awaits
For Early and his fighting mates.
Our prowess and our burnished steel
'T will be for them right soon to feel;
Humiliation they shall taste
As we have tasted, and in haste.

HALLTOWN—BERRYVILLE.

This resolution never slept;
I scarce need tell you how 't was kept.

Let Halltown's pages first be read,—
They tell of *forty maimed and dead!*
If further proof is needed still,
Make answer, slain of Berryville!
Remember how the foe took flight
And resting not by day nor night,
Till Cedar Creek was placed between
Them and our lines to intervene
To keep our Sheridan at bay
If only for a single day.

OPEQUAN.

Again along Opequan's stream
The same contending hosts are seen;
Each formed in battle's stern array,
Awaits the signal for the fray;
While ever in the foremost van
Is seen the form of Sheridan;
And on his face that anxious smile
That speaks an earnest will the while;
While here and there in vale and grot,
Is heard anon the sullen shot,—
The harbinger of that chill breath
That follows in the wake of death.

To calm Duval, the dauntless brave,
'T is said but one command he gave,—
"To charge them"—well, 't was short and terse,
To say how far I'll not rehearse.
One bugle blast woke into life
The dormant energies of strife,

And all the incidents of War
Came trooping fast behind his car.
The cannon's boom, the musket's roar
Apart were then discerned no more.
Death seldom dealt his blows so fast.
Or after life so eager grasped.

And long in doubt it seemed that day
Which side should hold the victor's sway.
A sudden change came o'er the scene,—
Duval had crossed Opequan's stream
Made crimson by devoted blood
So freely spilled upon its flood.
That charge that followed fraught with woe
Rolled back that terror-stricken foe.
He fled amain, and his distress
Was signaled by his eagerness
To place himself quite far away
From scene of conflict and dismay.

VICTORY.

Ten miles of savage, running fight,
And hours as many brought to sight
Winchester's hills where first defeat
Turned back our lines in sad retreat,
When night spread out her shadows deep
To let the rage of armies sleep,
While all along the loyal line
The camp-fires had begun to shine.
Then did our chief this line indite:
"Down the valley we push to-night!"

This message bore upon its wings
Assurance of still better things.

COUNTING THE COST.

A moment take to count the cost;
While much was gained, how much was lost!
Hall, Findley, Atkinson were found,
And *Stroup*, with ghastly bleeding wound;
One hundred more or bore a scar
Or slept in peaceful rest from war.
A score of miles ere broke the morn
Had Early dragged his legions lorn.
On Fisher's Hill his hosts should rest,
And Safety guard him on its crest;
Defiantly his heart did say,
"I hold the strait and narrow way.

FISHER'S HILL.

My vengeance here will I dispense
From this my stronghold and defense;"
And while his heart with pride was fraught,
Crook had the coils around him wrought.
For he had scaled the mountain's side
That human footsteps had defied,
And broke the foeman's deep repose
That dreamed not of impending blows.
The foe in consternation fled
And left with us their maimed and dead,
The annals of the war can tell
Scarce other feat performed so well.

Not safe on laurels won to rest,
"Who laughs the last oft laughs the best;"
The Autumn days their softness shed
On camps of armies panoplied
For War's most earnest conflict, strained
To highest pitch to be arraigned
Where arm might measure arm and be
Involved, contending for the mastery.
Such were the days that sped away
Between the last decisive fray
And that which soon should give the name
Of Sheridan to lasting fame.

CEDAR CREEK.

October's sun had turned to gold
And crimson hue on every wold
The leaves that erst their verdant shade
Our roofless temples canopied ;
And Night her rayless, sable pall
With kind intent spread out o'er all ;
While thickest vapors did enshroud
The slumb'ring camps as with a cloud.
'T was then with muffled step the foe
Disposed his lines to strike the blow
That but recoiled to hurl him back
Along his own well-beaten track.

When morning came, the streaks of red
Shot up the sky; with vengeance sped
The messengers of Death, so fast
Among our sleeping soldiers passed,

That many passed from sleep to rest
With scarce an interval to test
The dread realities of death,
Or bid adieu the parting breath.
What wonder then that sore dismay
Among our ranks held potent sway!
The victory seemed with our foes,
And deadly were their quickened blows.

SHERIDAN RIDES.

Though twenty miles away or more,
Our chief has heard the battle's roar,
And bounding on his ready steed
He takes his way with rapid speed,
While on his brow fierce anger burned;
"The cowards knew my back was turned,
But even yet they'll rue the day
And hour of their temerity!"
Along the lines there wildly ran
Long, loud huzzas for Sheridan;
His presence more unto us then
Than were a thousand arméd men.

He formed anew the broken lines,
A cheering word he spoke betimes:
"Make this resolve," he said, "as I,
That we regain our camp or die.
Where last you slept, to-night we'll sleep,
Or Death his vigils o'er us keep."
'T was not an oath, as some have said,
But high resolve that saw the dread

And danger, and like arrows sped
The tidings that were heralded
From man to man that Sheridan
Had brought the foe his blow and ban.

RETRIEVED.

You firmly stood, though sorely tried,
And soon was stayed the coming tide,
And turned to such inglorious flight
As seldom greets a mortal's sight;
And victory was doubly sweet
From being snatched from such defeat.
And now our conflicts all were passed;
As fitting seemed, this was our last;
Our living ranks had thinner grown,
But Glory marched whence Life had flown.
The banner which above us waved
Assured us of a Country saved.

THE END HAS COME.

The incidents of war, how few
Can I recount, and here review;
E'en now your thoughts may run a race
To keep with them an even pace.
It seems that I should pause to tell
How *Coles* at post of duty fell.
So young, so full of lively hope
When dashed was life's scarce tasted cup!
And how without a comrade near
To lend a loving, listening ear,
To catch a sigh or whispered tone
To bear it to his loved ones' home,

Caldwell, in many a battle tried,
Still near the front in anguish died;
His faithful servant lingered yet,
And closed his eyelids moist and wet
With that bedewing, humid breath
That hovers o'er the couch of death,—
Disposed his arms across his breast
And left him to his final rest.
I wish that I could wield a pen
That might do justice to the men
Who fought with us, but now they sleep
Where God's own angels watch and weep!

How frail and feeble is my verse
Your deeds triumphant to rehearse!
In common with a million more
You share the honors placed in store,—
Our Country snatched from thrall'dom's night
Swathed in Freedom's holy light
That still with clearer rays shall shine
Reflected from a Source Divine.
In spite of all that man has willed,
God's purposes shall be fulfilled.
That we have done our humble part
May cheer each patriotic heart.

CONSOLING PEACE.

The Brook of Cedars softly creeps
By pebbly banks and rocky steeps,
While here and there along the way
Rest side by side the blue and gray,

And peaceful nature has effaced
The crimson track that war had traced,
Thrice spanned the wood with leafy roof,
Thrice spread abroad her verdant woof.
No more shall foemen's tread be heard
Nor stirred from nest the frightened bird.
From war there is a sweet surcease,
And everything betokens peace.

FAREWELL.

The mounds a fathom's length where fell
The Comrade's tear in sad farewell,
The grassy sward has overspread
In seeming kindness for the dead.
And if the dead might hover near
Our thoughts to read or words to hear,
Within our inmost souls they'd find
Their names and worthy fame enshrined.
Who doubts that they a greeting keep
For us when Death's abiding sleep
Shall close our eyes, and we abide
With them upon the other side?

TO MY ESTEEMED COMRADE AND
FRIEND, REV. L. A. ATKINSON,

ON THE OCCASION OF A SURPRISE PARTY GIVEN IN HIS
HONOR.

A DOWN the vista of the years
That number now a score,
We look through smiles as well as tears
Upon the scenes of yore.

The song of "Twenty Years Ago"
Were you and I to sing,
Would have its plaintive strains of woe,
Its melodies of Spring.

Then I was young, you were not old—
Perhaps just past your prime ;
Your dreams were as a story told,
And mine, the dreaming time.

Awhile our paths were side by side ;
A common cause and foe
Engaged our zeal and us defied,
And dealt us blow for blow.

And had there been but you and I
Who dared defy that host,
There had not been the victory,
And Freedom's cause were lost.

Your trophy was a shattered arm,
Pierced through and through was I;
But others quickly filled the breach,
And Freedom did not die.

And this is why, my old-time friend,
I greet you thus to-night,
Because as Comrades we may blend
The tale of wrongs set right.

And now a scene comes back to me
Of eighteen years ago,
'T was on the eve of victory
Whose partial cost you know.

Across the Shenandoah's vale
Contending armies stood;
The scent of war did each inhale,
And each did thirst for blood,

The Captain of our armies came
And looked along the line,
And simply said to Sheridan
"When is your chosen time?"

"Why, I can move to-morrow morn,"
Bold Sheridan replied;
His answer on the air was borne
Unto an army tried.

The scene that lingers sweetly yet
In many a comrade's heart,
Is one he fain would not forget—
And yours the sweetest part.

A Sabbath day—of days the best—
Our camp-fires marked the place,
And many eyes despoiled of rest,
Looked gladly in your face.

With folded hands you stood and prayed
And hearing, brave men wept;
You prayed for each the Spirit's aid,
That all be by it kept.

“For by the morrow's dawn,” you said,
“May come the fatal strife,
And some will be among the dead,
And some be maimed for life.”

For all you prayed, as each man thought
He for himself would pray,
And every word of yours was caught
And hid in hearts away.

The morning came; the early morn
Quick ushered in the fight,
The bugle's blast was early borne
Hard on the voice of night.

Just as the vision to you came
The day before in prayer,
Your comrades to this day proclaim
Was all enacted there.

And on that day were thousands slain,
And comrades not a few,
And numbered with the bleeding maimed,
Friend Atkinson, were you.

Thanks, thanks to Him whose watchful care
Observes the sparrow's fall,
We're spared to meet and greet you here
And all these scenes recall.

When first we met, your eagle eye
Sought no exterior aid,
But age brings on infirmity,
And spectacles were made

With convex lens, perhaps concave,
To help the waning sight;
But what a blessing 't is to have
"A bright and shining light!"

'T is now my pleasure to bestow*
The means for such a light;
And long continue it to glow
As glows each heart to-night.

And by and by when Time shall cease,
And conflicts are no more,
When souls have had a sweet release,
And night of Death is o'er,

May we who mingle here to-night
To greet a comrade friend,
Be gathered all to that Blest Light
Whose beams shall never end!

*Student lamp presented.

“GIVE THE BOYS SOME MESSAGE FROM ME.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM J. G. D. FINDLEY, RE-
UNION 91ST O. V. I., IRONTON, O., 1890.

DEAR Findley, a handful is here
Assembled enjoying the cheer
We gladly with you would divide;
O no, not divide, for we are sure
Your presence would greatly inure
To cheer and to please us beside.

Our old Sergeant-Major must know
That the boys were ne'er ready to go
Till he had adjusted the line.
And we are not ready to-day
To enter full on to the way
Till Findley has given the sign.

We would that your voice might be heard
Imbuing with life the kind word
Your hand has seen fit to indite.
We'd cheer till your cheek would be red;
You'd blush at the words that we said,
And yet every word would be right.

• We think of you just as you came
And stood in our ranks, and your name
To all of us soon became known.

In stature you seemed to be small;
But manhood in stature 's not all,
As time after time has been shown.

Now well we remember your face
As smooth as a girl's, and a grace
Shone out like a light from the sky,
And over it played when you spoke,
And soon in our hearts it awoke
A love not permitted to die.

The weeks and the months flew apace,
And the down came out on your face,
Your voice became mellow and strong.
Though black as a vision of night,
Your eye ever steady and bright
Gave proof of a soul full of song.

The Chevron was honored by you
As worn on your garments of blue;
And lo! when your shoulder-straps came
And nestled right down on your coat,
Every man was ready to vote
That Findley remained just the same.

When time came for action his nerve
Seemed firm as a rock, and to swerve
Was not in his nature and mien;
Where duty required him to go,
He hastened, and face to the foe
Our hero could always be seen.

There 's not any doubt, let me say,
That his share in winning the day
Was often a pretty large part ;
But whoever heard him lay claim
To merit or personal fame?
Such things never entered his heart !

He followed the flag to the end,
Determined to die or defend
Its folds from its bitterest foe !
For treason to him had no name,
Save what is entangled in shame
And joined to unbearable woe.

Our love and our homage are due
In very large measure to you,
Dear Findley, and hear what we say ;
We thought we should meet you and take
Your hand in an old-fashioned shake,
And hear your kind greetings to-day.

They say that you preach. Well we knew
That that was the calling for you.
It seemed that you preached to us then.
You taught not in long-measured phrase,
You walked not in devious ways,
Unblemished you stood before men.

You ask but the boon of a word
That in your behalf may be heard :
That word shall be said with a shout !

Though gone from us twenty-five years,
For you here are three rousing cheers!

Now, boys, let your voices ring out!

(Cheers given.)

There 's a *rendezvous* up in the sky

Where we hope to meet by and by,

And there may the Ninety-first be!

May those who are here and those gone

Assemble again and march on,

From battles eternally free!

THE TORN FLAG.

WHEN General Hancock died, the flag was placed at half mast on the Soldiers' Monument at Worcester, Mass. There came a rain which saturated Old Glory. This was followed by a hard freeze, which in turn was followed by a fierce gale which whipped the frozen flag into a thousand pieces. One of these pieces containing a single star was sent to Bailey Post as a souvenir. The following was sent as an acknowledgment :

'T IS but a shred, and yet a star
Reveals what it has been,
But mutilated not in war,
Nor humbled in its din.
No tarnish gathered in the smoke,
And yet no grime nor dust,
Nor dared an enemy invoke
Suspicion or distrust.

Aloft the winds caressed its folds
Above a hallowed spot,
Where storied urn the dust still holds
Of heroes not forgot.
Why throw it to the fickle breeze?
Why place it at half mast?
Who has fallen? Tell us, please,
What soul from earth has passed?

'T was Hancock's spirit that had quit
Its tenement of clay,
And so the flag would herald it,
The sad, sad news that day.

The sun awhile withheld his face,
And clouds o'erspread the sky,
And sleet and storm each ran apace,—
In fury did they vie.

They tore the flag in many shreds
And scattered it away,
But loving hands caught up the shreds
Where'er they fell that day,
And one has gathered up a star
To send to Bailey Post,
With kindly words and fervent prayer
Unto the God of hosts,

That we may cherish still the flag
That we have helped to save;
That love for it may never lag
This side each comrade's grave.
A stripe, a star, a field of blue,
Are all that yet remain,
But still enough that may imbue
Our hearts with strength again.

Its folds are sacred, and each star
Remains a beacon light,
And whether peace, or whether war,
Will gladden every night;
The winds may rend its folds at will,
And spread them to the blast,
And skies be angry if they will,
And long be overcast.

Man's anger shall not long remain,
Nor dare to touch one star,
Nor dare he yet one fold to stain,—
A single stripe to mar.
Unnumbered curses be his doom,
Unnumbered pains devour,
Unnumbered flames his soul consume,
And very brief his hour!

Then thanks to her who sent this shred,
And may her tribe increase,
And sunshine rest above her head,—
Halo of lasting peace!

DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

THE lips of him whose burning zeal
Made armies leap and foemen reel
Are silent now beneath Death's seal
No more to rally!
Brave Sheridan has just gone by,
And passed within the shades that lie
Before us, and no mortal eye
Sees down the valley!

1888.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

READ AT THE REUNION OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA,
AT IRONTON, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1883.

THE years have sped upon their way,
And left their tracings day by day ;
As pencil points that limners make
Upon the canvas, so we take
Our bearings on the map of time,
And shape our course as we our rhyme
To suit the shadowy path pursued
With steady aim or changing mood.

Since we long gone were mustered out,
To know what each has been about
Would be a sight to know, and more
Than need be added to our lore.
Has fortune on you kindly smiled,
Or have you been her slighted child,
One thing at least can well be told,
We've every one been growing old.

In country some, and some in town
Have lived, and, may be, handed down
Your names and traits to future years;
If not, what cause for bitter tears !
But scanning well the retrospect,
We find few cases of neglect.
Some consolation then exists—
What never was, can not be missed.

Not every man who drew his pay
On muster roll on muster day,
Was always found at Duty's post,
When Valor's presence counted most.
'Mid War's alarms, if thus remiss,
Why reprimand 'mid scenes like this?
The conscious recreant may hide
His blushing face, we will not chide.

The girlish picture that you wore
Against the place where oft before
The girl herself had laid her head—
Or you, no doubt, had wished she had—
Now duplicates itself in smiles,
In face and form and girlish wiles;
The girl that *was*, a little gray,
“But just the same” we fondly say.

'Tis well that feeling grows not old,—
Our joys would else be sooner told.
Our sorrows—“What of them?” you say.
We'll try to pass them by to-day;
As hounds that enter on the chase
They give their prey no resting place;
We close our eyes and stop our ears
At sound of woe, and sight of tears.

Fame tells to-day the paths you tread,
We know what sun shines o'er your head,
We know what shadows round you fall,
For Fame has told the story all.

And yet we can and must allow
There's much untold. So be it now.
As fond discourse holds friend with friend,
So is my present aim and end.

And should my purpose well be gained,
My greeting would be unrestrained,
And not be held in the confines
Of these my circumstantial lines.
For I can touch but here and there,
And you may ramble everywhere,
And Fancy will be put to test
To bring the viands you love best.

The coffee, sugar, pork and beans,
And poultry, should we have the means,
In sweet remembrance often rise,
And make us wipe our lips—not eyes.
And when these things could not be got,
“We mourned because we found them not.”
And if we found them, have no fear,
We always read our title clear.

Have I not heard you sing the praise
Of homely fare of other days?
And while you named the savory food
You smacked your lips and called it good.
So let me hope that I may bring
A draught or two from that old spring
That bubbled up our lips to greet
When we as comrades chanced to meet.

We never know, however near,
What moves the sigh or starts the tear.
A comrade's spirit is his own
And His who gave—to these alone
The fountains that these waters yield
Are known, nor will they be revealed,
Though comrade look to comrade's eye
In kindly blending constancy.

To-day we turn aside and wait
With pleasure at a wayside gate;
We gladly linger at the stile
To chat for an enchanted while,
The stories and the legends tell
That years ago were told so well.
While campfires burned but faint and low,
Not wanting was the social glow.

Thus full many a weary night
Was spent, while Danger's cunning sprite
In many forms came stalking past,
With arrows poised he fain would cast.
And thus we've waited for the morn,
Surprised as well at its return,
And listened to the ready jest
That seemed to fit the moment best.

O think, my comrades, what were missed
Had we but faltered to enlist!
'Tis true we missed our feather bed,
And lay upon the ground instead!

Great comfort in the fact is found
That 't was upon, not under ground.
Our rations might be scant, 't is true,
But there was noble work to do.

Though every day brought its regret
That brother strove with brother, yet
With earnest will and cheerful mood
The path of duty was pursued.
Who would forget the lively song
We sang as we went marching on:
The joke, the gibe, the jolly jest
That turned our weariness to rest?

The mem'ries of that olden time
Come faster far than comes my rhyme;
And though they struggle to be told
And richer grow in growing old,
In silence must they slumber still
Till wakened once again to thrill
The souls that erstwhile gave them birth,
In hours of sadness or of mirth.

Should we not give a passing thought
To those who by us marched and fought?
Who strove as bravely and as well,
Who, loving life, untimely fell?
Hope's taper burned for them as bright
As ever shone for us its light;
Life had for them a spell as strong
As ever bound us with its thong.

We heard the cruel thud of lead,
We saw the crimson gash that bled,
We heard the last despairing cry,
We saw our comrades fall and die!
We noted well each dying word,
And kept it sacred, safely stored
For mourning friends whose hearts should burn,
That they should never more return.

We turned the sod where they should sleep,
And dug the trench both wide and deep,
And laid our comrades side by side
As was their wont before they died.
Their well-worn blankets served instead
Of shroud or pall or coffin lid.
Then soil and sod we o'er them spread,
And hid from view our comrades dead.

Our ranks, now thinner than before,
Marched on to toils and dangers more;
Our hopes and prayer took refuge still
Within our great Protector's will.
The merry song rang out again,
Forgot were dangers past and pain;
The future held a painful dread,
The past we buried with our dead.

You'll not forget the nightly call
That served a warning unto all:
"Who stole the crackers from our mess?"
The answer came, and was no guess,

From far-off tent adown the line,
And named the sinner with his crime;
And every misdemeanor found
Its author's name thus bandied round.

The justice of the soldier's court
Was surely of the sterner sort;
Its verdict was designed to tell,
And ever served its purpose well.
Still mirth was mingled with it all;
Right jolly was the midnight call,
But when the truant trembled most
Was when in blanket wildly tossed.

It may as well be here confessed
That little sins were not suppressed
To that desirable extent
That causes sinners to repent.
Now in the early days of war,
'Twas thought that shoulder-straps were for
An emblem true of worth and skill.
Does this delusion linger still?

A host, though only privates then,
Now stand apart as honored men;
Yet not apart in that rude sense,
That renders kindness offense;
While some who wore the gilded crest
That then proclaimed them greatest, best,
In private life have not maintained
The prowess that their valor gained.

For this we drop a silent tear,
And there shall be no chiding here.
Not from our lips shall leap to-day
One bitter word to bear away
The honey of the greeting word
Now in your hearts so sweetly stored.
Bear it with you evermore,
And add to its mellifluent store.

It is refreshing to reflect
Upon the grand old retrospect;
And as it gathers in the years,
More grand our heritage appears.
The world has not been standing still
Through all these years, and never will;
And who would win must move apace,
Or fall behind in life's short race.

That some of you have run quite well,
'Tis not essential that I tell;
And even if I surely knew
And could I prove that it were true,
That when the enemy was near,
You quickly changed from front to rear,
Performed the movement ill or well,
Please rest assured, I'd never tell.

Now in a comprehensive sense
I speak of running; no offense
Intended here to-day,
Lest I should suffer in the fray;

But when I speak of running, all
May know I mean as did St. Paul,
When he proclaimed, "Ye did run well,"
And more than this I need not tell.

Dear comrades, let me not offend
By setting forth the aim and end
For which you 've lived and strived and wrought
In measure much as once you fought.
So glad we are to meet you here
In comradeship that we revere,
We only ask to see your face,
And feel your hand-clasp's sweet embrace;

And hear the tones remembered well,
And feel again the old-time spell
That ever made the heart strings thrill,
And while we live it always will.
It needs no prophet to forecast
That when another year has passed,
Our roster, now so ill defaced,
Will show still other names erased.

We're older now by twenty years.
Recount not now the smiles and tears
That gather in these moving mists!
A nobler purpose now exists.
But there I see I speak not well;
What would there then be left to tell?
Leave out the smiles and all the tears,
Then vain recount these twenty years.

I'm sure I'd not repress a smile,
A ringing laugh might well beguile
A falling tear, and then a tear
Might not amiss be, even here.
The years when side by side we stood
Sealed evermore our brotherhood,
And comrades' smiles and comrades' tears
Must mingle on through future years.

But there will come a time at last,
When comrade's hand will fail to cast
Within the grave where each shall lie,
The sign of immortality.
'T will be when death has claimed the last,
And comradeship from earth has passed,
To be resumed when we shall tramp
The golden streets of Heaven's Camp.

There is a river wide and deep
We say we cross when we but sleep.
We call it Death, and from it shrink
Till we have stepped into its brink.
Assembled on the other side
Are comrades many, and the tide
Keeps bearing one by one away,
And thinner grow the ranks that stay,

Till comrades reunite no more
This side the "bright and shining shore;"
And then beyond the river wide,
We'll still keep marching side by side.

We'll keep the step and sing the song,
As erst we did, and march along;
No foe to seek, no clash of arms,
No hardship there, no war's alarms.

So let us live that when we cross
It shall be gain, and not be loss.
Soon, soon will sound the last tattoo,
Soon, soon we'll speak our last adieu.
And when reveille sounds again,
May we assemble on the plain
Where sorrow has divine surcease,
And all is radiant with peace!

HONOR THE DEAD AND CHERISH THE LIVING.

READ AT THE DECORATION OF SOLDIERS' GRAVES, AT
IRONTON, MAY 30, 1888.

THIS is the spring-time of the year;
Its bloom and balmy breath are here,
And birds with joyful songs appear
And bring their greeting;
The living call to mind the dead,
And pause above their graves to shed
The tears that tell how hallowéd
The hope of meeting.

I need not tell the story o'er
That you have heard so oft before,
For there is surely something more
That may be spoken;
Bereavement brings to us a grief
From which we vainly seek relief—
Life's tenure at the best is brief,
And soon is broken!

Whatever satisfies the heart,
And leads it from its griefs apart,
Or dulls the point of Sorrow's dart,
Is worth pursuing.

If honor may be done the dead
By any words that may be said,
While garlands on their graves we spread,
Spare not the doing.

The silent lips of those who sleep,
No word of gratitude can speak ;
If they are conscious that we weep,
'T is past our knowing ;
But if in spirit they are near,
A quicker eye and keener ear
Discern if we are all sincere
In honor showing.

This sacred day is set apart
That all that's noble in the heart
May into better being start
To bless the living.
And then we love to ponder o'er
The deeds of comrades gone before
Who wait upon the other shore,
Their friends receiving.

When War his clouds of smoke rolled back
While fields were scarred and bare and black,
And new-made graves were in the track
Of devastation,
Peace spread her wings, and gently said,
" What honor shall we pay the dead
Whose cherished hopes untimely fled
'Mid desolation?"

The Fields replied: "We drank their blood
With which we're moist and crimson-hued;
And with its sacredness imbued

We'll bring forth flowers;
Give us the sunshine and the rain,
And we may recompense their pain,
Give beauty for their lives again
And manly powers.

For there shall grow above their heads,
The rarest bloom that fragrance sheds,
And there shall rest upon their beds

The sky's reflection,
That he shall know who passes by,
That 'neath these holy emblems lie
The bones of those who dared to die
For his protection."

Said Peace: "All this will not restore
The strength and life and hopes of yore,
They can not be as erst before;

Is there no guerdon?"
The Fields with blushes now replied;
"Within our bosoms, side by side,
These dead and sleeping now abide,
Blest be our burden!"

Said Peace: "We can do nothing more;
Their lives to them we can't restore,
Nor bring them joys they knew before,
No more possessing.

Then let the garden and the field,
Bring forth the best that they can yield;
Their love for us with death they sealed,
Be theirs our blessing!" .

Then came the merry month of May,
And brought the sunshine all the way
Across the months that frozen lay
Through Winter's weather;
Said she: "I'll paint the landscape o'er
With flowers brighter than before,
And they shall have a meaning more
Than they have ever."

And always since she's kept her word,
For every spring her voice is heard
In accents that have ever stirred
To love's confession.
New forms have kindly hands devised,
New songs are sung, the old ones prized,
And beauties not before surmised
Have found expression.

But other voices have been heard
To sanction with approving word,
And lo! a multitude is stirred
To kindly duty!
Rare garlands they have brought to-day,
Which on ten thousand mounds they lay,
And by this sacred rite they say,
"Be crowned with beauty!"

One spoke as almost never man
Before had spoken, and the plan
Of mercy through his discourse ran
 Almost to gladness!
“Henceforth 't is ours,” said he, “to bind
Up all the Nation's wounds we find,
And casting malice all behind,
 Relieve all sadness!”

Upon his brow there sat a care
That burdened him beyond his share,
But never did he seek to spare
 His soul from anguish;
But all his thoughts to mercy lent,
Rejoiced if his own life be spent
In soothing ills to others sent
 That made them languish.

On Lincoln's grave there falls the dew
That heaven sends upon the true,
The tears of millions that imbue
 The dust above him!
The millions who were bound in chains,
Of which no vestige now remains
In all these wide and free domains—
 How they must love him!

Let him who loves his country well
Ne'er weary while he tries to tell
The story of the men who fell,
 His home defending.

Let him who stands by any grave
Of him who fought his land to save,
Ne'er think that homage to the brave
Should have an ending.

Let fervid speech and minstrel note
Be eloquent to tell by rote
The praise of those who dared devote
Upon the altar
Their all, including hope and life,
And entering upon the strife
Where danger unto death was rife,
Did never falter.

The years of weeping end not yet!
How many pillows still are wet
With tears of those who can't forget
Their days of sorrow!
The days not measured by the sun,
In darkness and distress begun;
Because there fell a loving one,
Gloom tinged the morrow.

And so the days have come and gone,
And all that's left to feed upon
For such poor hearts, is further on,
The hope of meeting
Beyond the gloom that settles here
O'er each remaining, sorrowing year,
With nothing that can fully cheer
Like old-time greeting.

What can we bring but tears and flowers,
That honors more these friends of ours?
We compass not with all our powers
 The debt we owe them.
The debt can never all be paid,
For there is more upon us laid
Than by our strength can be conveyed
 In all we show them.

How many thousands such now lie
Beneath the stars that silently
Look sweetly down as night goes by
 Till comes the morning,
When sunshine summons forth the flowers
And verdure springs beneath the showers—
Yea, heaven concentrates her powers
 Their graves adorning.

Adorned by nature and by art,
While every prompting of the heart
Still sacredly shall set apart
 This day in showing
That valor must not be forgot,
That every noble act is fraught
With memories that perish not—
 Forever glowing.

The winds delight to kiss the spot
Where grows the sweet for-get-me-not,
And dearer place was never sought
 Than where reposes

The dust of those whose breasts were bare
When deadly missiles filled the air,
Who now are sleeping calmly where
We strew bright roses.

For them the flowers fitly bloom
And shed abroad a rare perfume
While nestling o'er each soldier's tomb—
In beauty blending!
These beauties give new zest to life,
But Death must glean wherever strife
Holds carnival, which must be rife
With woe unending.

What should we see had these not died,
Whose lives went down beneath the tide
That rolled against the rock-ribbed side
They help to fashion,
When men would cringe and bend the knee
Before a wrong they could but see,
And be the dupes of slavery
And fiendish passion!

Thank God for sturdy, upright souls,
Whom neither Fear nor Hate controls,
Whose single eye discerns life shoals
Wherever drifting;
They know what pirates sail the sea,
They know what streams resistlessly
Bear unwatched ships where there can be
But wreck and rifting.

These graves are wrecks of Manhood's prime
These turned to dust before their time;
They have a record so sublime,
 We pause and wonder!
They are as anchors to the truth,
Which neither strategy nor ruth
Can snatch away, nor lift forsooth,
 Nor break asunder!

Of aspirations that were lost,
Of hopes they cherished best and most,
Was ever reckoned up the cost
 To those now sleeping?
Let those reply who yet remain,
Who know somewhat life's loss and gain,
The pleasing heights they may attain,
 And vales of weeping.

In loving them we do revere
The comradeship that lingers here,
And who has not at least a tear
 For the departed?
The living we shall cherish, too,
Each day for them our love renew,
For 't is a friendship strong and true,
 And not half-hearted.

'T is true they earned a sweet renown;
But what if they had gained a crown
Since with their life they laid it down,
 When Death removed them?

We can not place upon their brow
These laurels that we scatter now,
But o'er their dust we meekly bow
Because we loved them.

They may be conscious that we stand
Beside their graves, and that a hand
Has written on the moving sand
Their simple story
That none remember, save to know
That once their hearts were all aglow
With love of country, which to show
Was ample glory.

What happiness may be in store
For us upon the other shore
We but conjecture, nothing more !
The Fields Elysian
Bring forth upon their beauteous plains
An antidote for earthly pains,
And for each faithful soul remains
The unveiled vision.

If songs and garlands are for those
Who hitherto have reached life's close,
And sleep in honored, sweet repose,
Enshrined in beauty,
Shall we not weave a chaplet, too,
For those yet living and still true
To God, to country, and to you?
Is this not duty?

The hands that now are dead and cold,
No earthly spoils within them hold;
Though tendered treasures manifold,
 There is no heeding;
But there are living hands to fill
That have the need of our good will
And offices, yet silent still
 They do no pleading.

Shall we not turn to such and say:
"Although we crown the dead to-day,
True worth shall not be turned away
 Nor ever slighted!"
An empty hand shall not extend
To him who suffered to defend
His country as his dearest friend
 With honor plighted.

The snows of many winters now
Are on our heads. Time's shovel plow
Has run his furrows on our brow—
 Our cheeks invaded;
The summer suns have blanched the face
Till nearest friends can scarcely trace
The roses that had once a place,
 But now are faded.

The limbs that once were lithe and strong
To bear us on the march along,
That took new strength from jest and song,
 Are felt to tremble;

But then our hearts we know are true,
And proudly we bequeath to you
A spirit loyal through and through,
And not dissemble.

And so another passing year
Has brought us all together here,
Unbidden comes the silent tear
From eyelids leaping;
We stand above the graves once more
Of comrades who have gone before,
Whose love was ours in days of yore:
Blest be their sleeping!

And when the stream shall onward roll
That overflows the waiting soul,
May gracious Wisdom have control,
And leave us never;
For though the boat may strike the shore,
And wreckage be for evermore,
The rower, onward as before,
Proceeds forever.

Except our heroes gone before
Were honored in our country's lore,
How poor and meager were our store
Of martial story!
To such gratitude is due,
Let love for them our hearts imbue,
For they were steadfast, brave, and true,
And merit glory.

Their deeds must challenge all our praise,
Engrafted into song, the lays
Should echo through all coming days,
 Forgotten never !
Their names should live, and their renown,
Together both be handed down,
That those who earned a martyr's crown
 Be crowned forever !

Then let our lives be on the plan
Of doing all the good we can,
With " Peace on earth, good-will to man,"
 The watchword given !
Not very distant is the day
When pomp and pride shall pass away,
And death, we trust, will clear the way
 That leads to heaven !

How blest 't would be on heaven's plain
To meet our comrades all again,
Our garments cleansed from every stain
 Of earth's pollution !
How sweet will be the song of peace,
And ours shall be a sweet release,
When strifes and tumults all shall cease,
 And war's confusion !

Our faith beholds the camping-ground,
That comrades gone before have found,
Where angels are encamped around,
 With lines unbroken.

Fraternity that comes to dwell,
And Charity that knows so well
To exercise her healing spell,—
Each brings a token.

Our loyalty with blood is sealed;
For has it never been revealed
That every crimson battle-field
Gives proof unshaken,
That life was not too good to lose,
That there are graves from which the dews
Do not their crystal tears refuse
Death's thirst to slacken?

Let Loyalty her vigils keep,
Through us who live, o'er those who sleep;
That brave men died o'er whom we weep,
Is cause for sadness.
That there are millions who would die,
Defending right and liberty,
Is proof that their fidelity
Abounds in gladness.

REUNION OF THE NINETY-FIRST REG- IMENT, OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

HELD AT GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, 1893.

HOW few are left to tell the story
Anent the valor and the glory
Ascribed to you in years gone by;
The grave is opening and closing,
And in it, silently reposing,
The hero and his story lie.

I know your hearts are sore protesting,
And you'd rather think me jesting
When I speak of days of yore
Having lost their taste and savor,
Regarded somewhat with disfavor,
Unworthy to be thought of more.

For memory has almost faded,
While deeds of daring have been shaded
By tradition's doubtful lore;
Some believe, but say the age is
So progressive that the page is
Not worth reading any more.

And less you care about the glory
That attaches to your story,
If the world were always kind,

Would only cease to call you robbers,
Cormorants and scheming jobbers,
And epithets no less refined.

Some ears can not endure the mention
Of anything like pay or pension ;
It may be well to understand
That while you fought, the bonds they hoarded
Have yet abundantly afforded
Sufficient means for their command.

You gave your bodies which might perish
That the land you love and cherish
Might to Freedom be redeemed ;
You never stopped to count the anguish
You might suffer should you languish
Where prison vapors thickly teemed.

The blood that from your wounds came
streaming
Almost forgot, 't is much like dreaming,
The leg, the arm, the eye you lost—
You love to feel 't was freely given,
And eagerly your souls have striven
To reconcile the heavy cost.

The strength that heaven had provided
For you ; the hope so many-sided
That perished in your early years—
In place of them you have your crutches,
While want extends his greedy clutches ;
Your hopes are chased away by fears.

There was a time that you remember
When fires burned low, and scarce an ember
 Could be said to give a glow,
When the country was in danger,
And every palace, every manger
 Feared an unrelenting foe.

The call to arms was not unheeded,
All other thoughts were superseded
 By one single, great desire,
The hydra-headed monster, Treason,
Being deaf to words of reason
 Must be slain by shafts of fire.

But they who fight must always reckon
That to themselves such blows they beckon
 As they would hurl upon a foe;
That those we fought were quite as skillful
And in courage quite as willful,
 Requires no argument to show.

Then he who thought a tour of pleasure
Spread before him without measure,
 Did not have to travel far
Before he found that on a level
With himself was man or devil
 Who could teach him tricks in war.

We know the Johnnies were untiring
In their desultory firing,
 And you know they little cared

Where their bullets lit or bounded,
Who were killed or who were wounded,
Nor how we Yankee fellows fared.

And we as reckless as our foemen,
A band of free-born, sturdy yeomen—
For so we called ourselves, you know—
Would carefully devise our journey,
And often wish that by attorney
Such journeys we could sometimes go.

Let grateful hearts in kind endeavor
Perpetuate your fame forever
In statues made of enduring stone;
Let epitaphs proclaim the story
That takes its rise in well-earned glory,
That you have garnered as your own.

Responds the soldier's heart in measure
In contemplation of the treasure
Of gratitude so grandly shown;
The grave may o'er him soon be closing,
Begun his resting and reposing
That follow after duty done.

We cast aside the imputation
That gratitude by our great nation
Is delusion to the sight;
On every side the strong are standing,
The wrong forever reprimanding,
Commending ever what is right.

Not many times shall we assemble
In such reunions, and we tremble
 As we see our ranks grow thin ;
The boys are falling out ; the mention
Of the old command, "Attention !"
 Does not arouse them to "fall in."

Our bodies, too, are somewhat jaded,
Our memories have slightly faded,
 And there's little of the drill
That we regard as worth recalling ;
You know it used to be appalling,
 And I think it would be still.

Nor was it pleasant in the morning
To hustle out with little warning
 To hear the calling of the roll !
So many times it was repeated
That in memory it grew seated
 And took possession of the soul.

You scarcely recognized the beauty
That came of doing duty
 By despotic orderly imposed ;
And you choked less on your rations
Than on your inward contemplations
 You scarcely liked to have disclosed.

You need not tell me that on picket,
On the road or in the thicket,
 The sweets of Paradise were found,

That the skirmish-line was jolly,
And that dread of it was folly,
Or that bullets made a lovely sound.

Was there enjoyment in the rattle
Of musketry in angry battle,
And the cannon's sullen roar?
Or did it bring more consternation,
Some thought akin to desperation,
And peradventure something more?

To Lewisburg and back to Gauley,
Thence to Fayette and to Raleigh
Through the sunshine, rain, or snow;
Restless as the waves of ocean
Was our itinerary motion
That we remember long ago.

Why speak we of these common places
That we remember like the faces
Of our comrades long ago?
There's nothing else to say 's the reason,
And nothing else would be in season,
And nothing else to-night would "go."

To-night our thoughts are swiftly tramping,
Or quietly they may be camping
On memories of long ago;
Forgotten not the homesick feeling
'That came so often o'er us stealing
Like shadows fraught with hopeless woe.

Now we pass o'er Sewell Mountains,
By healing springs and seething fountains,
Disciples of the warlike Mars;
Then through Death's Valley went we creeping,
While over us, their vigils keeping,
Saw we but the silent stars.

And yet withal, we had our pleasures
That cling in mind as hoarded treasures,
Our friendships leal and true;
These even yet we love to cherish,
While all that's false is left to perish—
Vanish as the transient dew.

But here are we, so small a number,
It fills our hearts with solemn wonder
That all the boys are not now here;
But think how many of your knowing
Have been going, going, going,
Where all of us must soon appear.

'There has gone our genial Cadot,
Niday's form is in the shadow,
Hamilton might call the roll;
Blazer knows the boys are coming,
And Williams may be gently humming
Strains that thrill the happy soul.

Old Gallia, how I love the sounding
Of thy name! 'Tis all abounding
With deeds of valor great in store;

Thou hast thy heroes, and the burden
Of thy story is thy guerdon,
O Gallia, named for classic shore.

We often ask how each is faring,
With sympathy each other sharing,
Remembering the long ago ;
And often comes an eager longing
That could not be unless belonging
To love enkindled here below—

A love that still shall keep expanding,
Even when we may be standing
On plains of heavenly bliss ;
'Tis well a foretaste here is given
Of all we hope and dream of heaven,
To wean us from such scenes as this.

These thirty years have had their measure
Filled with joys and ills ; we treasure
All these days and weeks and years
That God has given us. Whatever
He may have in store for us, ever
Know there 's more of joy than tears.

The past has proven this ; our reason,
Reinforced by faith, through every season
Has taught us that a Providence
Has cared for us, and has been leading
Kindly, and every moment pleading
That we still the voice of sense.

There is a word that must be spoken,
A peaceful, but a mournful token,
On which we would but briefly dwell;
It brings a pang into our gladness,
But satisfies our pent-up sadness—
It is the parting word, farewell!

AT PEACE.

ANNUAL POEM READ AT THE REUNION OF THE ARMY OF
WEST VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1884.

ANOTHER year has past! We call
The roll again, nor hear we all
The same response as last year rung
Upon the ear from fervent tongue.
We form and look along the line,
And where a smile was, there's a tear,
And we discern, by this one sign,
We're not all here, we're not all here.

The sentinel has left his beat:
No more shall he his round repeat;
To him has come the last relief!
The hour of duty, O how brief!
A silence broods upon us now,
As we remember our estate;
We meekly at the fiat bow,
That brings together small and great.

But we rejoice that yet a few
Are here to pass in grand review,
And that inspection finds us still
Resigned unto the Master's will.
For us the days of wars are past:
Henceforth be ours eternal peace!
And may His peace our days outlast,
His benedictions never cease!

The oil of gladness would we bring,
The songs of gladness would we sing,
And ever this our glory be :
Our boast is not in victory
So much as that we harbor not,
 Within our swelling hearts to-day,
The remnant of a bitter thought ;
 And Peace bears universal sway.

We meet to talk our battles o'er,
As oft we've met and done before ;
We meet each other's hands to clasp
In friendly greeting's loving grasp ;
And once again our pledge renew,
 That never has been broken yet,
That heart to heart shall still be true,
 As in the days we can't forget.

Forget? Too full they were by far
Of all that enters into war !
Too full of bitterness and death !
Too full of pestilential breath !
But that which binds us closer still,
 And strong as any earthly tie,
Will stronger grow, nor cease until
 The years allotted us go by.

Peace reigns supreme, and we to-day
Rejoice to bow beneath her sway ;
Her scepter we do gladly kiss,
That we enjoy such scenes as this ;

For we who mingle here to greet
Each other, and to tell once more
The stories that we oft repeat,
Meet not as in the days of yore.

For then we met 'mid clash of arms;
The air was rife with War's alarms!
The shrieks of dying men rang out
Above the roar of guns! The shout
That rose and fell along the line
The story of the battle told!
For those who triumphed, there was wine;
For vanquished, bitterness untold!

Full oft the story you have heard,
And know it well, and not a word
Is new; nor can I hope to-day
To add a fact to the array
That passes in your mind's review.
My aim, my thought, is in this told:
I would those memories renew
That you more prize by far than gold.

We look upon these mountains as they rise
In mighty grandeur, and our eyes
Behold them clad in living green,
And capped with Heaven's smiling sheen!
So, twenty years ago, we saw
Them in their glory, richly clad;
But every leaf concealed a foe,
And every path a terror had!

To-day each leaf, a friendly eye,
Looks down on us as we pass by;
And whether sun or moon or star,
There's not a gleam, or near or far,
That does not fall upon a smile;
Or if it shine upon a tear,
The rainbow hovers there awhile,
And happy musings linger near.

Heaven be praised that past is past,
And that the sky is overcast
No more with clouds of battle's smoke,
That told of Death's relentless stroke;
And that the rainbow spans the sky,
Blest promise of eternal peace;
And that the stormcloud has passed by,
And mad contention has surcease!

The story that I have to tell
Is often told; you know it well.
You learned it as to me it came,
And all its teachings are the same.
But may I not with you recall
Some scenes on which you love to dwell,
And some you do not love at all,
And some which pain us yet to tell?

We'll not go back to find the cause,
And make discourse about the laws—
Who did break them, and who ought
To be chastised and fiercely fought.

Let others dwell upon that phase
Who find their pleasure in it yet,
And we'll commemorate the days
And scenes we can not well forget.

I'm sure you do n't forget the day
When you from loved ones went away,
And when you did not wonder why
A tear stole gently to your eye;
And more of just the self-same kind
As those that burned your sun-browned face,
Were shed by those you left behind,
And on your heart they left their trace.

And every night, and every morn,
Your names were up to heaven borne
Upon the consecrated prayer
That heaven gladly welcomes there.
A mother's prayer bears on its wings
A weight the angels help to bear,
And gathers in its lingerings
The sweets that angels love to share.

Some felt the mother's kiss renew
The bliss which they in childhood knew;
Some left behind a wife's caress;
And some, parental happiness.
The childish prattle rang no more
Upon that father's well-pleased ear;
For soon he passed unto the shore
Where he may wait, but may not hear.

One turned and took the hand once more
That had been pledged to him before,
And from the lips received anew
Assurance of devotion true ;
Then turned his steps toward the foe,
 With hope triumphant o'er his fear ;
Though hearts should break, yet must he go,
 Despite affection's pleading tear.

He came not back. He bravely fell
Amid the battle's roar and swell.
The bullet sped upon its way,
And pierced a maiden's heart that day.
They made his grave near where he fell,
 And then his comrades marked the spot,
And wept that one they loved so well
 They'd see no more ; for he was not.

We look to heaven, and we weep
For those who entered into sleep ;
Most earnestly His mercy plead
For those who most His mercy need :
The mother, whose declining years
 She hoped her son might live to stay ;
The wife bereft, whose blinding tears
 'T were vain to try to wipe away ;

The child, who needed much the care
Of father's guardianship and prayer ;
The maiden, who in silence bore
Her poignant grief, and meekly wore

Her sables in a mourning heart,
On which the world might never gaze,
Who henceforth strove to live apart
From life's tumultuous throng and maze.

With us 't was morning, and the sun
His course had only just begun—
If such a metaphor might be
A fitting type or simile.
The morning halo had not passed,
And hope had placed a roseate hue
Upon our sky we thought might last—
Nor shadows pale, nor clouds subdue.

There came a shadow o'er the land
That seemed no larger than a hand;
It spread athwart a peaceful sky—
Nor would the stormcloud hasten by.
Its fury would not stop nor stay,
Nor cease its all-ingulfing flood;
Nor would its lightnings cease to play
Till blood ran thick with brothers' blood;

Till every house, where'er it sped,
Contained within its walls one dead!
And there were Rachels everywhere
Who mourned; nor would the stormcloud spare
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
In all its fierce, destructive sweep—
Though blood be sprinkled on the door,
And every household made to weep.

And still within the cloud were pent
More furies than Pandora sent.
All that pestilence could bring,
Came borne upon the war-cloud's wing:
The cries and groans of dying men,
 In hospital and bloody field,
And famishing in prison pen,
 Whose pangs have never been revealed.

But let us seek a brighter page;
For we have such a heritage
As comes to few on earth beside—
And long with us may it abide!
Our comradeship is not the least
 Great blessing that survives the storm;
As speed the years is strength increased,
 And its attachments wax more warm.

But there were those who did return
To former joys, and some to learn
Of joys ne'er tasted of before—
A blissful and a well-earned lore.
And you and I have often sought
 To con those lessons o'er and o'er,
And thus be teacher and be taught
 As we have taught and learned before.

Why should there pass in sad review
The somber things we too well knew,
And not a streak of sunshine glide
Along the mountain's rugged side?

The sunshine rests upon the mount,
The valley blooms beneath its light,
And in the past may we recount
A day for every somber night.

Some scenes before us often rise
That cheer anew, and in our eyes
There come a twinkle and a tear—
Companionship not strange, though dear.
The day the mail was due was one
That furnished sundry odds and ends
For boys to poke their little fun;
For which, in kind, each made amends.

You'll thank me if I don't portray
Things as they were on drilling day,
Nor say that any ever swore
Because much *drill* became a *bore*.
Much learning had not made you mad;
So much for drilling I can't say.
But I have seen you very sad—
Much sadder than you seem to-day!

I've seen you at the camp-fire sit,
And silently look into it.
Your look was not a vacant stare;
For pictures you were painting there.
You saw reflected in that light
A scene you only hoped to see;
For what assurance that that night
Might not to you the last one be?

I've seen you when 't would scarcely be,
For any game, good policy
To violate the rules of war—
A thing we always did abhor;
And poultry found out to their cost
Our either flank they could not turn;
And what concerned us then the most
Was, that the kettle should not burn!

I've seen you when your iron will
Held firmly a potato hill!
I've seen you when you pulled the ears
The cornstalk bore! Farewell to fears
When such brave men, with such renown,
Propose to rise and take the field;
For then must every field and town
Their milk and honey freely yield!

I've seen you in the silent tent,
With pen in hand, and almost bent
Double, and you scratched your head,
And wondered how could best be said
The words you wanted most to say
To her, the idol of your heart,
Who seemed so very far away,—
The very thought a stinging smart.

I think I'd better tell no more:
Some things are sacred, and before
A gazing world we will not bring
These scenes that still are lingering,

Like benedictions, o'er the past.
They make us better, and we trust
Their memory may far outlast
The trifling things that are as dust!

And we, who then were young and strong,
Have older grown, and borne along
The burdens that we had to bear—
A freightage oft of weary care;
While some, as favorites of Fate—
If Fate is able to decree—
Had scarce to labor or to wait
To wear life's choicest heraldry.

We all have passed the halcyon days
We once enjoyed. Our youthful ways,
Repeated in our sons, we see,
And wonder how these things can be.
But age steals on us unawares,
And youth's vagaries may not stay;
And from the wheat of life, the tares,
We trust, have all been burned away.

And you, whose counsel shaped the way
To victory, we hail to-day!
Your names and fame we all revere,
And we rejoice to see you here.
Upon your heads we can but see
The frosts are fastening their rime;
And flourishes the almond-tree,
The harbinger of passing time.

We're passing to the unknown shore.
Not many times shall we meet more,
This side the cold and cheerless wave
O'er which we pass; but through the grave,
Our song be one of triumph then,
And peace dwell long on every strain;
And love and good-will unto men
Its burden be and its refrain!

AS 'T WAS TOLD TO ME.

THE STORY OF THE FIFTY-SIXTH REGIMENT O. V. I.

AS RECITED BY MISS EDITH G. JONES, DAUGHTER OF THE
LATE COLONEL, HENRY E. JONES, AT THE REUNION
OF THE REGIMENT, HELD AT PORTSMOUTH,
OHIO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1890.

SO many years have passed away
Since you came hither; and to-day
You've come again. What brought you here?
What memories do you hold dear?
You're fewer now than you were then;
You used to have a thousand men,
And all were young and gay and trim,
Of ruddy face and strong of limb.
You stoop somewhat, and on your face
I see that Time has tried to trace
Some lines across in sorrow's ink,
Whose cup you may have had to drink.
Where *are* the boys? I mean the rest
Who went with you the storm to breast?
I see you can not tell. I'll not insist;
A weary tale 't would be, and mist
Would gather in your eye, and be
No comfort in this company.
I think I heard you call the roll,
And names were spoken that the scroll

Of memory will long time bear
And safely keep and proudly wear,—
Names encircled with the light
That honor's halo renders bright;
We looked along the printed page,
We saw your names and lineage,
“Enlisted,” “wounded,” “mustered out,”
“Resigned,” “promoted.” There's no doubt
But that you had your ups and downs
And days of evil, smiles and frowns,
Like those who never went to wars
Nor trained beneath the flags of Mars.
Now as your memory goes back,
It takes you o'er a tortuous track;
You gathered here in sixty-one,
And here your soldier life begun.

A few short weeks in training camp,
And tents where chill, and cold and damp
Had access as through open door,
And ills unknown to you before,
You spent in wonder what should be
Your fate and final destiny.

To you the banner of your land
Was given by a fair young hand.
My mother bade you bear it forth,
The symbol of the loyal North;
My father stood within your ranks
And looked his love and warmest thanks,
And so did you. O, what a pride
Was his! She was his promised bride;

He hoped to win the victor's crown,
And yet his life he might lay down.
Yours was the same devotedness,
Yours was a venture nothing less.
To each and all was life as sweet
As to ourselves, and as complete;
The plans of life, henceforth to be
Contingent on the war's decree.

I need not tell of hopes and fears,
They've faded with the vanished years.
Some hopes have been fulfilled, we trust,
Though some have crumbled into dust;
Some fears, though lions in the way,
Were as the mist of early day.

Soon came the time that brought the test
Of what was in you, worst or best.
Rushed to the front in breathless haste,
You soon of battle had a taste.
Paducah first, then Donelson,
So bravely and so grandly won, ,
Then on to Shiloh where the strife
Was red with blood, with slaughter rife.
Corinth next came within your way;
You thought the foe was there to stay,
But his discretion did not lack,
Your joy was in his falling back.
Back to Memphis next you went
To pitch again your moving tent.
O'er many miles through thirst and heat
You dragged your sore and weary feet.

'T was then, you know, that Company B
Went daily out by rail to see
That bridges burned be put intact;
A necessary thing, in fact.
Returning to the town one day,
The rebels did not like the way
That things were done by Company B,
So slightly interfered, you see.
They took your Colonel in their net
But most of you they failed to get.

Helena next came in your way,
Where you made up your minds to stay.
You built Fort Custis, and cut down
The timber all about the town.
The fall and winter there you spent
In peace and comfort and content.
You wrote to all the girls you knew,
And some you even didn't, too.
But when the spring of sixty-three
Was ushered in, you all agree
No pleasure came to banish pain,
And you were on the march again.
To Vicksburg! "Onward, boys, fall in!"
Was now the cry, and "Who shall win?"
The question asked by tongue and eye,
While doubt the answer would deny;
But Grant had said the word, "Come on,"
Which rendered food to think upon.
But not till blood was shed like rain,
Did you that stubborn city gain;

Your struggle there you can't forget,
Its scenes, perhaps, may haunt you yet.
Twice your number fought you well,
And, O, how many of you fell!
You captured guns, you captured men,
A hundred and a score, and then
Some more, in fact, but what you lost
Impressed you with the fearful cost.

Champion Hills! The mention brings
The saddest thoughts of saddest things,
Your killed and wounded, missing, more
Than you had ever had before.
So many of your comrades slain
Whom you shall never meet again,
Till gathered on the farther shore
Where wars bring terror nevermore.
'T was here that Wilhelm played the trick
Upon his guard that you call slick;
A wounded prisoner was he,
But much preferring liberty,
He asked the guard to take his cup
Down to the stream and fill it up.
The guard in pity dropped his gun,
On Mercy's errand thus to run;
The captive seized the gun and said,
"We'll change relations, or your head
Will slightly topple. Please to tramp
The nearest way to our camp."

I have no doubt you often think
How once some faltered on the brink

Of Baker's Creek; but you rushed in
And victory was yours again.

And so at length when Vicksburg fell,
As every one remembers well,
You entered in the city's gates,
Despite of all the adverse fates.

Thence to Jackson, and then on
To Bayou Cotto, bounced upon
And captured back when Burbridge failed
To hold it; but you still prevailed.

Sabine Cross Roads! You rue the day
That took your hapless feet that way.
How bitter was that day's defeat
That ended in a sad retreat!
Your forty killed and wounded men,
How poorly could you spare them then!
But when the fight at Mansfield came,
A victory was yours to claim;
You partly paid the rebels back,
And hurled them on the backward track.

Do you remember Grand Ecore,
A town down on Red River's shore?
You know your luck was far from good
In that immediate neighborhood;
And so upon your own account
You went to work with some amount
Of vigor, skill, and will, to make
Your camp more difficult to take.

One day a certain Brigadier
Rode out to mildly interfere,
And to the man who used the spade
A kind of protestation made.
Said he, "There is no use to dig
And throw up works so strong and big,
For on this advantageous ground
Not all the rebels that are 'round
Could whip us, and far more than that,
We'd thrash them while you tip your hat."
"Ah, General," the man replied,
"Be not that privilege denied;
Since we have suffered some of late,
Far more than we need calculate,
We thought it might be just the thing
Ourselves to do some generaling."
Some things refuse that they be told
In measured lines. It takes the cold
And hardest words of solemn prose
Their mien and meaning to disclose.
How can I tell about the way
In which glad tidings came one day
That for a season you might be
With home and friends you longed to see?
The very hell through which you passed
In memory shall ever last.

And now, my friends, I'll say no more,
Though incidents come tripping o'er
My fancy like the sprites of air;
But time forbids, and 't is not fair

That I should say so much; but this
I say, and think it not amiss,
You would not yield your well-earned fame
For such reward as wealth could name.
Among the first my father went,
Among the last he struck his tent;
The flag you took from mother's hand
You bore across the foeman's land.
You never trailed it in the dust,
You never faltered in your trust,
But into very shreds 't was torn
By missiles of your foemen's scorn.

Then, comrades of my father, bear
My blessing with you. A full share
Of peace within your hearts abide
Until you reach the other side.

HONOR THE DEAD AND CHERISH THE LIVING.

READ AT THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL, IRONTON,
OHIO.

YOU 'VE summoned those who wore the blue,
And called again the roll anew ;
A grizzled few have heard the call ;
But most have passed beyond the bound
That hedges life from death, and found
The final camp that waits us all.

Whatever in that camp may be
Of joy or peace or revelry,
There 's something on this side we love—
Companionship as oft renewed
As it may be, and still imbued
With all ascribed to it above.

The soul of man unsatisfied
Without a kindred soul beside,
Still reaches out to grasp the chain
Whose links are made of during steel
That enters in the woe or weal
Of common danger, toil, or pain.

Such are the links that firmly bind
Old comrades each to each, they find
Them growing stronger with the years.:

The rust may come, but there is strength
That does not fail until at length
Death comes, and they dissolve in tears.

God bless the gratitude that finds
Expression in the noble minds
That have conceived this temple grand,
And by the means their hands have earned,
And beauties that their souls discerned,
This house and its adornings stand ;

Stand ever as a witness true
Of all our heroes sought to do ;
Stand witness of the men who died,
Whose eyes see not because they sleep,
Whose children may be here to weep,
Whose spirits may be here beside ;

Stand witness of the men who live,
Who offered all they had to give ;
Their eyes the evidence behold
That love for freedom has a price
That pauses not to ponder twice
Its value as compared with gold.

1892.

ONLY A STORY.

ONLY a story; but 'tis true. It is my own story, and I tell it because I have been bidden to do so. It is not a story of adventure, only of incident; not of heroism, only of duty and standing in my place. It is a story of suffering, of human kindness, of God's care in answer, if you please, to a mother's earnest prayers. It is a story of the war. Can such a story be told in an impersonal way? I can not tell it unless I say *I*. If offensive, read no farther.

From the College Commencement at the Ohio University in 1862, I at once repaired to the enlisting camp, and enrolled my name as a private. I passed through all the stages incident to the volunteer soldier's life. In due time I received recognition, whether merited or not; and stripes came upon my arms, followed later on with straps on my shoulders, which were not worn without a sense of responsibility. It does not become me to say whether I did my duties ill or well, and none will pause to inquire. I passed through many battles. I stood picket in many a dangerous place. I had many adventures in which I would not voluntarily participate again unless duty bade me. I saw many fall upon my right and upon my left. All these things are the common experience of every soldier. What new things have I to tell? None.

It is an old story now. Two years of campaigning in West Virginia were spent most profitably by our regiment in preparing us, with no great loss of life, for the earnest struggle that awaited us in 1864. Not very far from home, our friends visited us sometimes, and often sent us such delicacies as we needed and craved, while our dealings with the enemy were more of the form of dalliance than downright hostility. It seems necessary to speak of these things to properly introduce the story I am to tell. More than one-half of my life lies on this side of the events of which I now write. It was twenty-seven years ago. No wonder if some mists hang over my memory and obscure some of the details; but some things abide, and often come before me in a kind of picture that, when partially presented to my friends, they ask for a still farther unfolding, which I now try to do as well as my poor words will admit. It is one of the myriads of pictures produced by the kaleidoscope of soldier life.

The scene is in the Valley of Shining Waters—Shenandoah; the place, Winchester; the time, summer of 1864; the events daily passing, the most momentous of the war's history; the fighting, the most desperate; the hopes of the Confederacy, the highest; the gloom that hovered over the hearts of the Northern people, the deepest, and with good reason. General Crook had brought a weary army into the valley. From the 1st of May it had been constantly on the march, and daily confronting the enemy with more or less success, hav-

ing in the meantime fought many battles that have taken rank among the severest of the war. Having made a quick transit from the James River, at Lynchburg, by way of the mountain passes of Virginia, the Kanawha Valley, Ohio River, and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the troops were set down at Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, to confront the same enemy they fought at Lynchburg, Liberty, and Lexington, who were flushed with success and exultant over our defeat, and vigorous with the strength that came of plentiful food, while we were weakened by an enforced fast, and footsore from long marches, and discouraged that all these deprivations and sufferings were without recompense to the cause for which we fought.

The battles of Snicker's Gap and Stephenson's Depot followed in quick succession—the first, a dearly bought victory; the second, no less so, only that the disparity of numbers served to elate our little army, and render desperate the Confederates, who resolved to be avenged at whatever cost. General Early was their commander; and summoning all the troops that Lee could spare, he once more swooped down the valley. Stubborn resistance scarcely stopped him in his course. He became an electrical storm, and our army, for the first time, felt itself being borne along before an irresistible fury. On Sunday, July 24th, Early's cyclone struck our army at Winchester. Being greatly outnumbered, it was in vain that we resisted. Perhaps we had 25,000 men of all arms.

Early had 45,000. Our army lay in and about Winchester.

Early so disposed his forces as to clasp ours as a nutcracker might a nut. By reason of superior numbers he readily and easily assumed that position, and nothing was left General Crook's army but flight, which, however, was deferred until the most stubborn resistance availed nothing, and existence as an army depended upon successful retreat. My regiment had been sent to our extreme right flank, with orders to remain until recalled or driven away. We were recalled just in time to be saved from the ignominy of voluntary flight. General Ramseur's division had almost surrounded us, and put us in a pocket, from which there was little hope of escape. The appearance of an aid beckoning and commanding us to move to the rear was most welcome to an already terrorized band. We had been under fire for hours, with orders not to return the fire, a kind of strategy that never commended itself to the rank and file. I was in command of a company of brave men; but there was that in the situation that was utterly hopeless, and the desire to escape from the peril took possession of all. It was panic. The men rushed together in groups. To prevent this, I walked backward before them for a few paces, warning them of their increased danger. I succeeded in getting them to deploy, and then turned to go myself, and as I turned I felt a severe stroke in my left breast, which I knew was the impact of a bullet, and smiting

the place with my right hand, I said: "My God, I am shot!"

How often I had heard the same words from many a fallen comrade! Unable to take another step, I fell to the ground, and believed myself mortally wounded. In a moment, as it seemed, my comrades had disappeared, and as I looked off toward a distant ridge, I saw them retreating more deliberately, and firing at the enemy, who were by this time passing me in great numbers. Evidently I had lost consciousness for a few moments, during which my men, supposing me killed, had gotten so far away. Being now fully conscious, I began to work out in my mind how it all happened. Heavy as a sledge-hammer, I had felt the stroke of the ball in my breast, but nowhere else. I was lying prone upon my face, and the blood was rapidly flowing from the wound. What puzzled me was, how I should have been struck in the breast, when I had just turned away from the enemy.

I opened my clothing, and discovered slivers of bone on them. How did they get there? But my left arm was limp. It would not move at command of my will. Was it injured? I tested it with my right hand, and found no injury. Now I felt a curious sensation in my back, at the lower extremity of the scapula. I felt a blubbering sensation, and heard a wheezing sound. At each breath, or rather gasp, the air was making its way through the orifice. This, then, was where the ball had entered, and, finding little resistance,

plowed its burning way through my left lung, and, striking between ribs, passed out at my left breast, carrying with it some slivers of bone, and now I understood why I only felt the ball there, as the pain so much exceeded at this point, that the place of entrance was not manifest. I now found that my breathing grew more and more difficult; and at every attempt to breathe, the air went blubbering through my wounds. I had read that if the lung substance was penetrated, there was little hope of recovery. The blood came in my mouth, and no doubt remained in my mind but that death would soon relieve me of suffering. Meanwhile the rebel troops kept passing me, some jeering, and some pausing to speak words of sympathy. I shall never forget an Alabama captain, who gave me all the water he had in his canteen, and said kindly that he wished that he could do more for me.

He had scarcely gone until a burly private accosted me, and said that he would do me the favor to relieve me of my watch. I requested him to give it to his captain, who had just passed; but he said that he could attend to it just as well. He said that my coat was better than his; but it was too bloody to wear just then, and that it might be troublesome to carry. He would exchange hats with me, however; and so saying he took my new fur hat, and laid his rimless and crownless—but not tenantless—head-covering beside me, which he said was as good as I would need. He said that I might feel better if my accoutrements were taken off my person.

Accordingly he removed them, and carried them away. Another came along and relieved me of some pocket trinkets. I had a small amount of money on my person, which by some means I managed to retain. I little cared what they did or said, or what they took, only I thought that my helpless condition should shield me from their indignities.

At length all had gone by, and I began to look about for a possible canteen, as I was thirsting for more water. A few paces from me lay one of my boys, Jack Robbins—poor fellow! He said he was wounded in the leg, and was scarcely able to move; but he managed to crawl nearer to me, and tossed me his canteen, from which I drank as though it were nectar. He was sorry for me, he said; for he thought I could not recover; but as for himself, he would probably live through his hurt to tell how I was wounded. Jack was a simple-hearted boy, and a good soldier. His presence was a comfort to me, and I did not regard his wound as dangerous. We tried to talk of our forlorn and almost hopeless condition. All the while I felt that my life-current was ebbing away. I thought that a few hours would end my sufferings and my life. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I was shot. The sun was just passing behind a cloud. I thought I should not see it again. I thought of the friends who cared for me, and knew that the tidings of my fall would give them pain. Otherwise, I felt little concern. I was one of many thousands whose fate was such as seemed to await me.

Soon the air began to grow cold, and there was a mist of rain; but I was listless. Soon I was conscious that there were persons moving about on the field, and that they were approaching me. There were two men and two women. One of the women was of middle age, the other young. The elderly lady came to me and touched me. I aroused myself somewhat. She asked me where I was from. I told her from Ohio.

"What part of Ohio?"

"The southern."

"My home," said she, "is in Georgetown, Ohio. I am here visiting relatives, and can not get away."

She called her companions to her, and related her discovery. One of the men, who proved to be politician, preacher, and good Samaritan, felt called upon to admonish me that the war could only end in the triumph of the Southern arms.

"Why," said he, "do not you men of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois put an end to this thing?"

"That is just what we are doing," I said. "We expect to end it."

"Yes," he retorted; "but why do you not turn in with the South and end the war at once, as it should be and would be ended?"

"That will never be," said I.

Seeing that I would not desert my colors, and reminding me that I had not long to live, he began to question me as to my spiritual condition. I felt unworthy enough, but I was glad that he changed the subject.

"Are you a member of the Church?" he asked.

"Yes," I said; "an unworthy member."

"Of what Church?"

"Methodist."

"Were you ever baptized?"

"Yes."

"Immersed?"

"No; sprinkled."

"Ah! that is not baptism."

Growing impatient, I said, with as much spirit as I could command: "This is no time to talk to me of war methods or modes of baptism. Can't you bring me some water? I am burning up."

He took my canteen and filled it from a spring not far away, and then called his daughter to come with some wine, which she gave me, and a small cake, which, with the water, refreshed me. I then asked if they could not have Jack and me taken to a hospital, that we might not be left to die between the corn-rows in the open field. The appeal was not in vain. They promised to go to their homes and return with an express-wagon, with which they would take us to the town and put us in the hospital.

Whether I thought they would do so or not, I do not remember. I sank into a slumber, from which I did not awake until ten o'clock that night, when I heard Jack say, "They are coming."

I said, "Who are coming?"

"The people who are to take us off the field," said Jack.

I then remembered the promise that had been made, and I understood what the moving of the solitary lantern meant, and why the stone wall, that was there as a fence, was being cast down. The two men had returned with the express wagon, and by some means, which I do not now recall, I was placed in it, and Jack, writhing with pain, beside me. O the agony that I experienced as they drove off over that plowed field toward the public highway! Poor Jack suffered too. When the turnpike was reached there was no little relief, though every movement brought refined agony. It was a half a mile to the edge of the town. The wagon was halted. One of the men called out, "O John!"

"Sir," came back the quick response.

"Here are a couple of wounded Yankee soldiers."

By this time the man so addressed was standing beside the wagon, with his hand resting upon me.

"Who are you, sir?" he said.

I told him, wondering if the information could have any significance.

He only said, "How can you be carried?"

I told him how I thought I could be taken out with the least pain.

"Take hold, men," and a moment later I was laid upon a lounge in a comfortable room, while they returned for Jack, who insisted upon being driven to the hospital, where more help could be obtained to take him out of the wagon.

Meanwhile there stood before me, in that little room, a woman about forty years of age. How gentle and how kind she was! She asked me all about myself in few words.

"Let me remove your boots?" she said.

"No, they are muddy and bloody," I protested.

But that made no difference. She had her own way.

"Now you must have some tea," she said, and left the room.

How is this? thought I. A few hours ago it seemed that I would perish where I fell, in the cornfield. Here I am surrounded with comfort, and am receiving the ministration of loving hands. I expected no such kindness among these people.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, the man of the house returned. He sat down before me, and said that he was sorry that he could not induce my comrade to be taken out of the wagon and brought in with me, "For," said he, "the Federal wounded are treated here like dogs."

"It must be," said I, "that I have fallen in with Union people."

"You have, sir; and there are many of them here."

My wound was of such a nature that I found a semi-reclining posture necessary, which was best secured by placing me in a large rocking-chair, and tilting it back by placing a billet of wood under the front rockers. My feet found rest on the sofa in front of me, and with a pillow to support my left

arm, now quite limp, I was made as comfortable as it was possible to be in such plight. Having thus carefully provided for me, my good host resumed :

“They said that the hospital was the place for you, but I shall see to that. Our family physician is engaged there, and through him, I shall be able to manage for you to remain here.”

The night passed, and with the morning came a renewal of the same kindness with which I had been received. Little children of the family came in to speak to me, among whom was a bright little boy with whom I had had quite a long conversation the morning before. He greeted me as if I were an old friend, and from that time on spared no pains to do me favors. The same spirit took possession of the other children, because I seemed to be the brother's friend.

When the good Dr. White came, he said little, but was kind and sympathetic. He said that I might pull through and live possibly four or five years. This did cheer me. What transpired during the next few days, I little remember, only that a delirium set in, in which I imagined all kinds of war-like things, and had visions of home and old friends, all mingled in a confused mass from which there was no disentanglement. I was conscious that not a few came in to look at me, and withdrew with sad faces.

A change for the better came. I found my mind clearing up, my burning fever gone, my appetite increasing, but my strength not returning.

Every day some luxury found its way to me from others than the family, who also noted my every want. The same hands bore something to poor Jack, who was still at the hospital. Each day he inquired about me, and sent me kindly messages. He said that every day things grew more serious with him. The ball had not been extracted, and gangrene had set in. His wound seemed slight in comparison with mine, but the difference in care was being made manifest in the results.

Meanwhile our army had been driven back into Maryland. General Early sat down complacently in sight of Washington. Chambersburg was wantonly burned, and the fear was that Winchester was doomed, should the Union troops return, as a matter of retaliation. Thank God that this was not so! General Sheridan had been assigned to command. General Early was passing back up the valley. Day and night the troops filed through the streets until all had passed, and the Union army was again in possession. In vain I sought favors from the commandant. He said that he had enough to do to look after his own men. I wrote a note addressed to any Union officer, and put it in the hands of one of the little boys, directing him to go upon the street and hand it to the first officer he met. That officer happened to be Chaplain Frank B. Morse, of the 27th Massachusetts Regiment. He came, found out my wants, and provided for them.

As yet I had little thought of what tidings

might have gone home to my friends; and it occurred to me that I should write them about myself, which I did as circumstantially as I could in my condition, expressing the fear that they might have received *serious* reports about me. In due time my letters were on the way, and when they reached their destination, the news they contained could scarcely be believed. Had I not been reported dead *officially*! But there was my *sign manual*, which admitted of no dispute.

One afternoon I was much surprised to see Chaplain Windsor enter my room. But he was more astonished than I. He had come to seek me among the dead. Naturally he went first to the hospital, where he found Jack Robbins, who told him where to look for me. He returned to headquarters and reported his *find*. I was restored to the rolls, from which I had been dropped as killed in action. I have the original official report now in my possession. It came to me less than a year ago, having been taken from a mass of old papers that were about to be consigned to the flames. I was barely able to walk across the room, but my strength was returning rapidly.

A few mornings later, I was told to prepare for a journey to Harper's Ferry, thirty miles away, as there would be a change in the occupation of the town before night. I knew it was far better to go north than south, and I made up my mind with little hesitation. I had some misgivings as to my strength, but put them away promptly. I must go

out of Winchester, then toward home, or later toward some Southern prison. The start was made in the early morning. Until noon we moved with General Emery's Corps, which went into camp at Berryville. Joining a paymaster's escort, we concluded to complete the journey. All went well until we reached Charlestown, when we were attacked by a few of Mosby's men; but Captain Mitchell, with a dozen cavalymen, formed a line at our rear, and successfully held them at bay until we arrived inside the line at Halltown.

That night I slept on the floor in the corner of the parlor, being bolstered by blankets and pillows. The next day I went to Baltimore by rail, and thence by easy stages to Pittsburg, where I went on board a steamer, which, in two days, landed me at Gallipolis, to be met by old friends, who held up their hands in horror that a phantom should appear before them; for was I not dead? I found that such was the general belief. My home was still eighteen miles distant, and I desired to continue my journey without delay; but thought it prudent to send a messenger ahead to prepare my mother especially for my coming. Of course the messenger told all my friends he met that I was coming.

"Are they bringing his body?" they would inquire.

"Yes; a living body at that."

When the news reached my home, my mother was at the village church putting it in order for a funeral that was not preached the following Sabbath.

What of poor Jack? He died the day I was brought from Winchester. A few years ago I visited the Federal Cemetery there, and the grave that was the first in the order of number was that of Jack Robbins. Had I not been so tenderly cared for, my grave would not have been far away.

I have been at Winchester many times since the war. I learned to know that no family was better respected than that under whose roof I had received so much kindness. The children have made for themselves places in the community, and are widely known for their sturdy worth. They have families now; two of their children are called by my name. When I visit them, they climb upon my knee, and ride upon my back, and shout their merry peals of laughter in my ear. Very frankly one of the youngest said that she loved me when she first saw my picture. Mother Cooper, as I have always called her, has passed away, and he who answered to the name of John upon that eventful night twenty-seven years ago, is only waiting to be borne away as the angels know how and where to carry him. Among his credentials are the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I did not think that it would take so many words to tell this story. If I have wearied you, I shall do so no more.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, MAY, 1891.

BELLS.



ON THE OCCASION OF THE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MRS.
JOHN G. PEEBLES.

AND do I rightly hear?
This your seventieth year?
And have you sojourned, then,
Here threescore years and ten?
Then may there strength await
Your steps until the gate
Of Paradise shall wide
Swing back on yonder side.

On yonder side, where light
Receives no hint of night,—
Where age imprints no lines
On cheeks once fair, and signs
His name, not as with pen
On wrinkled brows of men;
Where those who enter find
A home by Love designed.

Be that your home, and own
The name in that white stone
Which Christ himself shall give
To those who for him live.
Not then shall threescore years
And ten of smiles and tears
Make up the life that waits
For you within the gates!

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

A POEM, READ ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN WED-
ING OF MR. AND MRS. MYRON WELLS, MARCH 2, 1888.

THE friends who gather here to-night
Have one desire, that love's sweet light
May shine within you, and delight
Keep pace with living!
If growing old brings nothing more
Than pleasures tasted oft before,
We trust that yet a goodly store
You'll be receiving!

To-night we have a king and queen;
Their coronets may well be seen;
Behold about their brows the sheen
Of honest living!
A crown of silver Time has placed
Upon their heads, and he has traced
In curving lines that show no haste
In touches giving!

For not one harsh and rugged line
Is there to show a single sign
That comes to mar or yet malign
A look or feature;
For love has mingled every tint,
Has held the light for every glint,
And coined each shade from heaven's mint,
Through heaven's teacher.

But pardon me, I can't refrain
From pausing that I may explain :
The queen's own crown does but contain
 Some silver traces ;
The tints of youth like unto gold,
Still linger with a steadfast hold,
And show no signs of growing old ;
 Nor do these faces.

The king has silver and to spare,
Yet he would not transplant a hair
If with it went a grain of care
 The queen to burden ;
He wears the silver, she the gold ;
And 't is his wish that manifold
May be the blessings that unfold
 To be her guerdon.

We know somewhat how faith and trust
Have kept your feet from out the dust,
And that the never-failing crust
 Of God's providing,
Has kept you from all want, and more,
Has kept to fullness still your store,
When frugal foresight went before,
 Each care outriding.

The queen has ruled in other courts,
And might have crumbled other forts,
Or played on many hearts her sports—
 A queen's ambition ;

But satisfied with such domain
As was the heart she cared to gain,
All other suitors sued in vain,
To their contrition !

It may have been, I do not know,
But in that distant long ago,
There might have been another beau
Who held her favor ;
'T were strange if beaux did not abound
Like honey-bees that hover round
Where fragrant flowers may be found
To yield their flavor.

The king, what shall we say of him?
So brave and manly, straight and trim,
And strong in heart as well as limb,
With hope abounding ;
A little timid, we've no doubt,
When he began to come about,
But then the queen could help him out
Of his deep sounding.

We know they met as others meet,
They greeted just as others greet,
And what they said but did repeat
The story olden !
The king was timid, she was shy,
And sweet discourse was by the eye
Kept up unknown to others by,
In moments golden !

And then there followed times demure
That they could scarcely more endure,
For which in vain they sought a cure

In separation !

And years in that suspense were spent,
The question grave to circumvent,
But naught could thwart the sly intent

In preparation.

We know not how the notice read,
When these good folks long since were wed,
And what the busybodies said

None need advise us,

That Myron Wells, Lucena Reed
To live together had agreed,
With love and faith to be their creed,
Quite satisfies us.

The preacher came from far away,
The words that made you one, to say,
But where he is or what to-day,

There come no tidings !

Perhaps his bones have turned to dust,
His soul abiding with the just,
And justified are all his trust

And his confidings.

In Chester Church at eventide
You stood before him side by side,
And promised faithful to abide

Through joy and sorrow ;

Then going hence as man and wife
To meet whatever came in life,
Regarding not that peace or strife
Should come to-morrow.

Not where you lived is now our care,
You could be happy anywhere,
Could feed on plain and homely fare,
All to your credit.
And you could labor with a will,
If in the field or at the mill,
And if a word could anguish still,
You always said it.

We can not know, nor need we tell,
The things that early you befell;
They may have pleased you ill or well,
It does not matter.
For fifty years may bury deep
The memories that ought to sleep,
And o'er their graves no need to weep,
Their pangs to scatter.

This is your golden wedding day!
Right well you've kept you on your way,
And burdens borne. You've swept away
The web of sorrow
When it across your path has hung,
And to your garment tightly clung,
While Hope that better things has sung
Might come to-morrow.

And you have waited as God willed,
While murmurings were ever stilled,
And mercies sweet your cup have filled
 For thus confiding ;
The gold you sought was that good name
That comes from righteous deeds. It came,
And well we know it shall remain
 A guest abiding.

'T is no strange thing that you should be
Still young in heart, and that you see
Good reason still for constancy
 And true devotion ;
For surely God has not designed
That those united heart and mind,
Contentment e'er shall fail to find
 In Love's broad ocean !

The lines of care you wear 't is true,
For cares have not neglected you,
But you believe that God is true,
 And there have rested ;
You 've bided time and waited tide,
And kept your courage by your side,
And said to faith, " With us abide,"
 Faith tried and tested.

You 'll thank me if I do n't allude
To anything that might include
The hint of word or action rude
 For life's unfitness ;

Your hearts have toward each other grown
By kindness and forbearance shown,
And so your neighbors all have known
And do bear witness.

If you have faults, they 're well disguised,
And so can only be surmised;
Should they appear, we'd be surprised
Beyond believing!
Your virtues have a pattern been
To those who strove 'gainst any sin
And sought thereby life's crown to win—
A blest reprieving!

No king and queen have ever met
For whom a fairer feast was set
Just fifty years ago, and yet
It holds its sweetness;
And to the table that was spread
Have come such subjects that no dread
That there will lack of love's sweet bread
E'en to completeness.

How pleased must be our king and queen
At what their subjects all have been;
At what their eyes have always seen
Of loyal duty!
Their sons have grown to manhood's prime,
And honored well the royal line;
Through them has come a crown in time
Begemmed with beauty.

For children's children are the crown
That to old men is handed down;
Such coronet you proudly own

And love so dearly!

God grant that long your reign may last,
And that your lines be ever cast
In pleasant places like the past

We hope sincerely!

Your sons have found in life a field
That brings to each abundant yield,
And each has learned right well to wield

His chosen calling!

If tongue or pen, if sword or plow,
They turn to you with filial bow
And heed your counsels even now,

And keep from falling.

Your daughters, they are like the queen,
And bear her dignity and mien;
The king's impress as well is seen

Upon their faces;

They, proud to be of such a line,
Are glad that life's delicious wine
Still lasts to cheer you and refine,

'Mid smiles and graces.

'T is time that we should say "good-night;"
We're glad to stand within the light
This presence gives, and long this sight

Shall thoughts awaken;

Such thoughts as must this lesson teach,
That love will never once impeach
The love that stands within its reach
While firm, unshaken.

And such has been your love for aye,
And so shall be till ends life's day ;
God grant to keep you all the way
Till death shall sever !
And when you cross beyond the tide
You'll still be walking side by side
With an existence glorified
And blest forever !

REUNION OF THE RIGGS FAMILY,

JULY 23, 1888,

AT THE GAYLORD MANSION, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

OLD friends are gathered here to-night,
Old friends each other greeting,
Who many years have been apart,
But now in friendship meeting.

It seems so strange that through the years
That have been intervening,
What joy remains, though many tears
Upon our hearts are raining.

For some have passed beyond the realm
Of earthly recognition,
But with Saint Peter at the gate
Await our own admission.

And O, how oft our hearts are stirred,
And we give vent to sorrow,
When uttered is the painful word
That we may speak to-morrow!

Farewell! It has a doleful sound,
And who can say it lightly?
It leaves a burden on the heart
And oft a scar unsightly.

It oft has fallen on the ear,
As oft a heart has broken,
And scarcely yet has passed a year
That word has not been spoken.

But we have gathered here to-night
To minister in pleasure.
And gather up an hour's delight
And add it to our treasure.

And this is what we are to you,
Old friends, dear friends, relations,
Though not in blood, but in the sense
That binds together nations.

For neighbors we have always been,
And that to loan and borrow,
To eat and drink and merry be,
And share each other's sorrow.

That some of you have moved away
And got together riches,
And honors gathered far away,
And occupied Fame's niches,

Does not estrange you from our hearts;
Perhaps we love you better,
For had we known you all your days
We might not be your debtor.

We owe you much that you have come
To spend a season with us,
To consecrate your early home
With tokens that you leave us.

'Tokens, did I rightly say?

Yes, every smile's a token,
Ev'ry wink and ev'ry nod,
And ev'ry word that's spoken.

Here are gathered former friends
Who knew you so much better
Than those you met in later years,
Approached, may be, by letter.

We boys (and that's the way we feel)
Have grown a little older,
Have known of other things than weal,
But years have made us bolder.

We boys, I say, once loved you girls,
But hardly dared to say so;
We girls could say we loved you boys,
But married other way, though.

Do you remember all the *rigs*
With which we *rigged* each other?
And how we called each other names,
And answered, "You're another!"

And with what *rigs* we used to dress;
The sight it was amazing!
Astounding! and was nothing less
Than stunning, even dazing!

And then the *rigs* we used to drive,
Especially on Sunday,
And never dreamed but we should thrive,
And ride in better, some day.

Alas! the world has used us rough,
We've had it rough and tumble,
But some have gathered gear enough,
And still are very humble.

We're glad that Time has used you well,
And brought you all together,
And may the Riggs a breathing spell
All have this sultry weather.

So have your *rigs*, and wear your *rigs*,
And drive your *rigs* wherever
Any wish may take a Riggs
In any way whatever.

And when the Riggs shall have their *rigs*,
And wear their *rigs* at pleasure,
And drive their *rigs*, let ev'ry Riggs
Enjoy them without measure.

We only wish that we were Riggs,
And had so much distinction,
We'd don our *rigs*, and run our *rigs*,
Our fun have no extinction.

We used to coast where you did coast,
We played old games together;
We used to spark the same sweet girls,
Now gone we know not whither.

We used to play at "four-old-cat,"
While "bull-pen" was a pleasure,
And "where's the button?" and all that,
While song filled up the measure.

We bid you welcome to our midst,
While pausing on life's byway;
We dip our sails like passing ships
Upon the ocean's highway.

And "Ship ahoy!" we gayly shout,
And thus exchange our greeting,
Then sail away, each on his way,
And terminate our meeting.

And are we sailing to a land
Where friends no more are parting?
Where farewell words are no more said,
Where tears are no more starting?

We trust we are, and by the chart
Our fathers gave, we're sailing,
Both soul and body, hand and heart,
And not a member failing.

And may your barque have entrance where
'There flows the peaceful river,
And dropping anchor safely there,
Remain full *rigged* forever.

And we who sail on other seas,
On other sorts of shipping,
Will hope to make the Port of Peace,
Our sails to you be dipping.

No more adieux, no more farewells,
No more this grievous parting;
For on a blissful journey we
Will all be then just starting.

THE GOLDEN-WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. JACOB H. RICKER.

MAY 5, 1880.

“SILVERED BY THE TOUCH OF TIME.”

“OUR LIFE IS A DREAM; OUR TIME AS A STREAM
GLIDES SWIFTLY AWAY.”

WE meet to-night that we may give
These friends a word of cheer;
And why not speak it while they live,
And while we have them here?
The pleasant words you have for me,
Please breathe them in my ear
While I am living, and they 'll be
Occasion for my cheer.

If kisses, give them to me now,
And so my being thrill;
Do n't keep them for my cold, damp brow,
Whose touch can only chill.
If I have done a noble deed,
Why wait till I am dead
Ere commendation be decreed,
Or word of praise be said?

I plead not for myself alone—
I speak for all mankind—
That loving deeds be quickly done,
Whene'er they come to mind.

And so to-night we rightly feel
That there are words to say,
That may some hidden sorrow heal,
And cheer a darkened way.

Not many here have known this twain
Through all the passing years;
Yet some have shared their joy and pain,
And shed with them their tears
For those who halted by the way,
And turned aside, to meet
No more as friends until that day
When each shall other greet.

Vicissitudes unnumbered came
To them, like all mankind;
But these need not receive a name,
Since they are left behind.
The memory of joys may well
Remain, their lives to bless.
Not on their sorrows may we dwell,
Except to wish them less.

They've reached the happy, golden prime
So few may hope to reach—
Fruition that the spoils of time
Can never more impeach;
And here, among their friends to-night,
They mingle as of yore,
And feel the same sincere delight
They oft have felt before.

If gold should then the emblem be
For those so long time wed,
The reason why, we all agree,
There's nothing else instead
That we can find to serve so well
To bring us daily bread,
And wherewithal in which to dwell,
And where to lay our head.

And those who reach the golden line
May many stages more
Accomplish ere life's fragrant wine
Has ceased to be in store.
And may the nectar that they sip
Grow sweeter all their days;
Their cup, o'erflowing to the lip,
Be ready hands to raise!

The voice of birds is just as sweet
As fifty years ago;
The flowers blooming at your feet
The same sweet odors know;
The voice of children sweeter grows
As age comes on apace;
And summer's heat and winter's snows
Those charms can not efface.

Our groom, beneath an Eastern sun,
Began his earthly race,
And ran with patience that has won
For him an honored place.

He sought for wisdom, and the quest
Was never made in vain;
She came to be a constant guest—
Delighted to remain.

New Hampshire's hills were first to hear
His shouts in rapture ring,
And sound the echoes, loud and clear,
Back on the breeze's wing.
The brooks that rose among those hills
Gave sport and pleasure sweet,
And turned the wheels within the mills
That ground the corn and wheat.

He gazed upon the distant heights,
And saw the snowcrowned crests
That glistened in whatever lights
Shone on their frozen breasts.
He looked as well upon the sea,
And saw its billows reach
The farthest limit there could be
Upon the rockbound beach.

At length he saw a rosy tint
Upon the western sky,
And henceforth every other glint
Was dullness to his eye.
He followed where his vision turned,
Not doubting that his guide
Was Heaven's purpose, well-discerned,
Approved, and ratified.

Not many moons had come and gone
Before the rosy glow
That he had fondly looked upon,
More brilliant seemed to grow.
A pair of eyes began to beam
Right down into his soul,
And straightway of his heart, 't would seem,
He lost entire control.

Our willing groom and blushing bride,
Just fifty years ago,
Began life's journey side by side,
If come or weal or woe;
And children's children at their feet
Are coming, to rejoice
That these good people chanced to meet,
And make so wise a choice.

About their loves I'm not aware,
And that is just as well;
For if I knew, I do declare,
I'd never, never tell.
For I've been young, and well I know
The joys that season brings;
I'm not forgetful that they go
On swift departing wings.

But there may come to take their place
A memory as blest,
That time and trial can't efface—
Abiding every test.

We trust that there are yet in store
Untasted joys for you—
That happy years be many more,
Awaiting as 'your due.

We do not doubt that you have learned
These lessons well by heart—
That happiness for which you 've yearned
Has often stood apart,
While sorrow came to take its place.
Perhaps 't was God's behest;
While through the gloom this thought we trace:
He knoweth what is best.

And if the messenger should come,
Right early on his way,
He'll bid you to a brighter home,
And to an endless day.
Then, after all, there's nothing sad
About this change of place,
If but the soul has been made glad
• With plenteous stores of grace.

You knew our fathers long ago;
The homes in which they dwelt;
The firesides that they kept aglow;
The altars where they knelt.
You knew our mothers and their cares,
Which often brought them grief;
You knew the burden of their prayers,
In which they sought relief.

You've stood beside the open graves
Where they were laid to rest;
You've pondered on the faith that saves—
The faith that they possessed.
Be yours that faith, and it will be
An anchor to the soul,
Enduring through eternity,
As cycling ages roll.

GOLDEN CHIMES.

A POEM READ ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN WALLER, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 26, 1887.

OUR GREETING.

I HAVE sat me down and pondered,
I have even vaguely wondered,
What is life with all its sadness,
And its bursts of joy and gladness?
What the past, if only seeming?
What the present, if not dreaming?
What the future, but presuming?
What is *all*, but bold assuming?

I have wakened as from slumber,
And about me, without number,
Tokens scattered lay before me,
Stars and skies bore witness o'er me,
Saying: "Children of God's keeping,
Whether waking, whether sleeping,
Doubting comes of lazy dreaming,
All is real, nothing seeming!"

This, my thought, while lowly bending,
The love of God must be unending!

Friends are we all who gladly come
To celebrate your feast,
And kindly greet you in your home,
And of your welcome taste.

We've known you long, and you have known
Our sorrow and our care ;
You've sought to make our joys your own,
Our woes you fain would share.

And some have lingered longer here,
And known you in your youth ;
'The garb of sympathy they wear,
That speaks of love and truth !

You stand upon the farther brink
Of life's eventful shore,
And sooner than we dare to think
Life's labors will be o'er.

'The boatman, with the silent oar,
Has constant work to do ;
And many friends may cross before
The summons comes to you.

How glad we are that we may look
Adown the years now past,
And read like pages in a book
The record that should last.

We know how full of sympathy
Your hearts have always been ;
We know how well and tenderly
You felt for fellow-men !

There is no doubt but life to you
Has been like all have found—
A field in which was much to do
In hard and stony ground.

You 've dug about the roots of Care,
And watered them with tears;
And flowers blossomed sweetly there—
Though after many years.

You 've seen the rising sun shine on
A friend's advancing tread,
And seen, before the day was gone,
Storms beat upon his head.

How oft adversity has been
The one great crucial test
That opened up a richer mine
Than we had hoped at best !

But why portray the passing flight
Of Time's eventful sweep?
The morning's gone—soon comes the night !
Then follows peaceful sleep.

Your friends would bring a word of cheer
And speak their words of love;
'T is well to know each other here
Before we go above.

The question never need be raised
About what we shall know,
If kindly paths are only blazed
Along the ways below.

Some rarely think it worth their while
To speak a friendly word,
Unless 't is done right up in *style*—
The *latest* style preferred !

An introduction must precede
A recognizing smile,
And mutual friends must intercede
While they stand off awhile.

It shows that they have friends enough—
Indeed, quite all they need,
Unless, for some superior stuff,
They have no special greed.

And that's the way the world has been,
And so 't is like to be,
Until that time is ushered in
We so much long to see,

When man will strive for fellow-man—
Whoever he may be,
To do him all the good he can
In love and charity.

We came with blessings in each heart,
And somewhat in our hands;
We dare to hope that each the part
Has done what love demands.

We lavish not our gold to-night
For vain and empty show,
But here 's our love, much better quite,
To pay the debts we owe.

We do not claim to pay in full,
But just a small *per cent*;
Our friendly traffic is not dull,
Our revenue's unspent.

Our benediction now is yours;
We've told the best we could
What brought us to your open doors—
We hoped to do you good.

We want you to remember, while
Life's embers kindly burn,
That every gentle word and smile
Still brings a large return.

For fifty years you've lived together,
And never shall we ask you whether
You've witnessed every kind of weather—
In figure speaking.

For voyages are rarely taken
But storms arise that may awaken
The feelings as of one forsaken,
Far from his seeking.

We know the sun has much been shining,
And that the clouds had silver lining,
Which unto gold is now inclining
Like rays of morning.

And oft, with evening's shadows coming,
There may have been a weary thrumming,
But not without a gentle humming—
Love's sweet adorning.

And there have been the hues of sorrow—
The bodings of a dark to-morrow,
And sighs to lend, and tears to borrow
From life's commotion.

But smiles have chased away the gloaming,
And joy again resumed her roaming,
No longer weariness bemoaning,
Nor lost devotion.

The spell of life in its completeness,
Has much of gentleness and sweetness;
Perhaps we mourn amiss its fleetness—
Its tinge of sorrow.

“I would not live alway,” sang sweetly
A saint who measured life completely
And murmured not that soon and fleetly
Came each to-morrow.

We dread to speak of early parting,
It moves our tears to painful starting,
And we are spared none of the smarting
Of separation;
But then, the hope of early meeting,
The joy awaiting the glad greeting
When parting has no more repeating,
Nor tribulation.

May He, whose eye is ever o'er us;
Whose hand casts up the way before us;
Whose love can nurture and restore us,
Within His keeping,
Preserve you ever, and his blessing
Be unto you the sweet caressing
That angels' soothing hands possessing,
Stays all our weeping!

“MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.”

SWEET in the innocence of youth,
Born of the brave and free,
They wove their garlands while they sang
“My country, 't is of thee ;”
How every bosom swelled with joy,
And thrilled with grateful pride,
As fond the whispering cadence breathes,
“Land where my fathers died !”

Fair flowers in sweet bouquets they tied,
Breaths from the vales and hills,
While childish voices poured the strain,
“I love thy rocks and rills ;”
Each face grew radiant with the thought,
“Land of the noble, free,”
Each voice seemed reverent as it trilled
“Sweet land of liberty.”

And bud and bloom and leaf they bound,
And bade the living keep,
Unharm'd and pure, the cherished graves
Where brave men calmly sleep ;
And thus while infant lips begin
To lisp “sweet freedom's song,”
Manhood's deep tones, from age to age,
Shall still “the sound prolong.”

I hailed the promise of the scene,
Gladness was in the strain;
The glorious land is safe while love
Still swells the fond refrain;
And what shall be our sure defense?
Who guards our liberty?
Not man—not arms alone—we look,
“Our fathers’ God, to thee.”

“TRUMPS.”

“**M**USIC and Cards,” the talisman,—
It seems a magic phrase,
That enters into every plan
Of life’s meand’ring maze.
The call to prayer is not complete
Unless the word goes out
That cards will be for those who meet
To help them pray and shout.

“The preacher makes a short address,”
So reads the strict account,
“Then cards beguile the weariness—
Diminish its amount.”
If song is sung, a single verse
Will very well suffice;
A word of prayer may one rehearse,
If only in a trice.

Such the spirit, such the way
In which the current runs,
For cards have come, are here to stay
Through all succeeding suns.
Bow down, bow down when “kings” attend,
And worship at their shrine;
If good or ill they choose to send,
Receive their meat and wine.

If in some future, far-off day
Some erring lad may find
Himself ensnared in devious way,
Beclouded in his mind,
It still may be the subtle skill
He thus acquired in youth
May lead him back o'er error's hill
To vales of trust and truth.

And when we reach St. Peter's gate,
Unmindful of the past,
That we may ascertain our fate
Eternal, grave, and vast,
We'll ask the Saint to take a hand,
And then we'll show our skill,
And locate in the better land,
Cut, shuffle as he will.

The border passed, when angels' wings
Move gently to and fro,
We'll tussle for the "offerings"
That they may chance to show.
But woe to him whose only "prize"
Consigns him to the rear,
For there no "consolation" lies
To check the falling tear.

Haec fabula docet that
The wagon's on the way
On which to ride or else get left
Upon the great highway.
A card admits you to a seat,
Which you must turn with skill
(The card I mean, and not the seat),
Or else your name is Nil.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

COULD he who once refused a crown,
Through all these hundred years look down—
Could he the sight endure?

For there were joy and honest pride,
And honors mountain high beside,
Which ne'er should fade, whate'er betide,
And lasting fame was sure.

But there were breakers on the seas,
And well he knew that any breeze
Might swell them to a roar;
And that the infant Ship of State
Had yet to stem the stream of Fate,
And prestige for itself create,
Or sail the seas no more.

He could not see that in the soil,
In which were planted seeds of toil
Himself would not requite,
There was the germ of slavery,
That, like the deadly Upas-tree,
Could lead to but one destiny
Of withering and blight.

He did not see the blood run red
From all the heroes who have bled
To right the wrongs of man.

He fondly hoped a higher plane
His people everywhere should gain,
And brighter destiny attain
Than had been dreamed of then.

Not little on this lovely land
His eyes had gazed, his soul had planned :
He saw its lakes and rills ;
He saw its close-embracing seas ;
Its tall and waving forest-trees,
That swayed to every passing breeze ;
He saw its mighty hills.

He little thought that rivers rolled
O'er beds whose sands were bright with gold,
And that the mountain's side
Presented veins of precious ores,
That told of never-failing stores,
And that we need not pass our shores
Such bounty to provide.

He died ! Perhaps he died too soon ;
He scarcely lived until the noon
Of our first century.
Perhaps his spirit used to trace
The lines in Lincoln's pensive face,
And may be his the first embrace
When Lincoln's soul went free.

When Grant had reckoned up the cost
Of battles won and battles lost,
And prayed, " Let us have peace,"

A spirit hovered o'er him then—
O'er him who loved his fellow-men—
'T was Washington's, that said Amen!

Rejoiced that wars should cease.

I have no doubt he often wept,
As oft his spirit vigil kept,

And saw the deadly strife
That fratricidal war should be,
And that the realm of liberty
Might pass into nonentity,
And freedom have no life.

I think I see, like as the sun,
The pensive face of Washington—

Yes, there are faces three;
For close to his, on either side,
Two faces fittingly abide:
To sadness, Lincoln's is allied;
And Grant's, to victory!

V. M. C.

THE ROYAL THREE.

A ROYAL Brotherhood has found
A symbol brightly studded round
With gems which, when together bound,
To form a crown unite;
And yet these gems are only three,
Which in their radiance agree,
Lo! Virtue, Mercy, Charity!—
A constellation bright!

Let him who wears the symbol know
That 't is his privilege to grow
Into their likeness here below,
And fitter be for heaven.
And there will come for him a gain
For every mitigated pain,
Each loving deed must still remain
Of happiness the leaven.

The widow's and the orphan's cry
Not like the idle wind goes by,
For you have registered on high
A pledge you love to keep;
For since the sparrows of the air
Receive the Heavenly Father's care,
His ear is open to your prayer
For those who mourn and weep.

For what is prayer but work well done,
Relying on the Pitying One
To send His light as does the sun
 Send down its healing ray,
To drive away the dark'ning gloom
That hovers over every tomb,
And leaves for happiness no room,
 Till darkness hies away?

Such crown was never worn by kings;
Theirs is the emblem of such things
As love of self and conquest brings—
 No thought of fellow-man!
Ours is a crown that signifies
That there are other things to prize—
That helpful deeds and sympathies
 Compose our Royal Plan.

As many brows as crowns may wear,
So many hearts the halo share,
While love shall make her dwelling there
 And reign as on a throne.
'T is you, O Royal Brotherhood,
To whom is well assured the good
That comes from doing as you would
 That to yourselves were done.

Let those who place in you their trust
Much sooner think that gold might rust,
Than that you e'er deny a crust
 Your foresight might provide.

So heart to heart and hand to hand
Our brotherhood delights to stand,
Each symbol ready to command
That helpfulness abide.

With royal name together bound,
You are a brotherhood uncrowned,
Save by the love that still is found
To hold in one embrace
A multitude at once so grand
That scarce the spell of magic wand
Could number sooner than the sand,
Or all its features trace.

Our diadem is made to teach
That royal duties are for each
Who with a loving hand may reach
To place it on his head.
If ever love sat on a throne
Which every heart is said to own,
'T is well that Love should rule alone—
None other in her stead.

Behold the stamp of royalty
Comprised within the trinity
Of Virtue, Mercy, Charity,
The Royal Three in one!
Where one has found a lodgment true,
Close by its side the other two
Must soon disclose themselves to view
By worthy actions done.

As God hath joined them each to each,
And placed them all within our reach
To fortify, uphold, and teach

 In every time and age;
So let us grasp the diadem,
And prize it as a sacred gem,
For us the Babe of Bethlehem
 Confirmed a heritage:—

To do to others as we would
That they might do for us such good,
Is now and ever understood

 To be that matchless thing;
It carries in a noble sense
The sanction of a Providence
That recognizes where and whence
 All noble actions spring.

Then let these three henceforth abide,
Not greater one than each beside,
All as God's mercy deep and wide,

 Yet all bestowed on man;
On man that he may not refuse
To practice, cherish, and to use
This diadem, whose threefold hues
 Throw light on all life's plan.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.

WRITTEN FOR MISS JENNIE HICK'S ALBUM.

“THE just shall live by faith,” ’t was said
Two thousand years ago ;
A strong dependence, and has shed
A thousand hearts from woe.

“The just shall live by faith,” and blest
Is every one who heeds ;
No faith, no everlasting rest,
No succor for life's needs.

“The just shall live by faith,” and they
Shall have a trusty guide ;
Faith never led a soul astray,
That lingered near her side.

And when life's journey has been passed,
Another journey we
Shall enter on, where no chill blast
Shall blow or henceforth be.

For we believe that storm and cloud
Are only in this world ;
And so will other ills that shroud
Our joys be henceforth hurled.

Hurled to everlasting night,
And joy unmingled be
The constant recompense of sight
Throughout eternity.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE SILVER
WEDDING OF DR. ELBERT R.
DILLE AND WIFE.

AS sunshine on the waving field,
As dewdrops on the blades of corn,
As fruitful vines with luscious yield,
As zephyrs in the time of morn,
Are words of kindness touched with love
That fall from kindly lips and shed
Their fragrance sweetly from above,
As "oil of gladness on the head."
A hopeful or a warning word
May move the heart to action new,
And all its better depths be stirred
That deeds courageous it may do.

Before the words of wisdom fall
From burning lips on eager ears,
The heavenly vision must enthrall
The one who speaks to him who hears.
We've listened to you when we knew
Not whether in the body pent
You spake to us, or whether you
Were caught beyond the firmament.
We felt that you had somehow gained
Admission to the unseen court,
And from the holy place obtained
And brought to us a good report.

Dear Doctor, do you think it sin
To let your face grow bright with smiles?
If so, you 'd better take within
The blossoms of your cheery wiles.
Sometimes, a long way off, we see
The coming of your soulful wit,
And sunlight gathers playfully
About your face and brightens it.
A thousand smiles are your reward;
Are you not more than satisfied
That striving thus to serve the Lord,
His children have been edified?

Please do not think we write you down
As one who glibly sets a pace,
Resorting to the tricks a clown
Might practice with a painted face.
The bursts of sunshine in your soul
Must outward leap and egress find,
And flashing forth beyond control,
They brighten every kindred mind.
And so it pleases us to say
That we would gladly recompense
You for your thoughtful pleasing way
You teach us truth and reverence.

Perhaps by this time you can trace
Our motives and quite understand
That this occasion and the place
Are well united, fitly planned;
And that your wife comes in to share
Our compliments no less than you,

Embraced within your loving care
We hereby tender, 't is her due.
If anything has brought you joy,
Another heart as much enthralled
Has cast aside whate'er alloy,
That with its bliss you might be filled.

We ponder on the loving deeds
That you have done to make us feel
That life is not in vain, if seeds
Are wisely sown whose germ is weal,
Not woe. We've known you long, it seems;
You fill within our lives a niche
That would be empty as our dreams,
But with you there, we do enrich
Our lives and thankfulness
Wells up within our hearts and finds
Companionship, for none the less
Are elevated fellow minds.

This echo in our neighbors' breast
Brings comfort, and more closely ties
Us to the One whose dear behest
'T is life to keep, and paradise.
We are reminded that he said
That "Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God." Comforted
We feel, and that we have a part
In that inheritance which he
Bequeathed us when he said,
"My peace I leave with thee, with thee!
Be not troubled, nor be afraid."

And then when from your fire-touched lips
The message comes that fills and thrills
Our being, we feel as one who dips
His hands in running, cooling rills
And bears them to his lips that thirst
May be appeased and life renewed,
With all the spirit pleading first
That inward grace may be imbued.
We feel the fountain to us brought,
And troubled for our weary sakes,
It seems that in us has been wrought
A miracle that o'er us breaks

In thankfulness, and praises rise
From lips that are unused to pray
And there abide to make them wise
In better living, day by day.
The holy office well befits
Your life's most earnest, sweet employ,
And that 't is blest and benefits
Mankind should be your chiefest joy.
And so it is, and we rejoice
That when God called, you did obey,
And made his ministry your choice,
To teach the truth, the life, the way.

This much we could not well refrain
From saying; for 't is truth
That age, asserting o'er again,
Is sanctioned by the voice of youth.
Dear Doctor, we would wholly spare
Your blushes; but surely 't is your due

To know we love you. We declare
It by our presence. That 't is true,
We need not once again repeat;
You know our word is as our bond—
One as the other good—replete
With earnestness. That we are fond
Of candor, may at once explain
Our attitude to you; and thus
We make our protestation plain,
And claim you so allied to us.

And if, by chance, you may forget,
And fill the cup a little full,
Our admiration still is set
Upon "the good and beautiful
And true." We must complete the phrase—
We could not split it if we would.
'T is wrong to flatter; but to praise
Is duty, especially "the good."
"The beautiful" will never need
To be without a seeming friend;
"The true" may suffer from men's greed,
But be the victor in the end.

That you combine all these, no doubt
Exists. Your wife may testify:
She's had a chance to find you out;
And so we pass the question by.
I think that it is understood
You get along right well as yet:
If you're as fond as when you wooed,
And all expectations have been met.

If little tiffs have sometimes come—
Disturbers of your plighted peace—
Be sure we would not give them tongue,
And thus Pandora's brood release.

The pew sometimes asserts its right,
And rides a little rough, may be;
But it must be excused to-night—
Its aim is love and loyalty.
We can not think of you as cross;
But this is very hard to tell;
For some of us do *pitch* and *toss*,
And therefore *catch* as well.
Sometimes too near the mark we throw;
We wish the missile had but stayed;
Our arrows had been touched with woe,
And so a smarting wound was made.

The consecrated cross-eyed bear
We're very much inclined to shun;
And well you know we'll take much care
That none shall write you down as one.
Good Doctor, do not think we think
That any thought you ever thought
Sank into any heart to sink
It down by anything you wrought.
We want to think you are as good
As all the sermons that you preach;
That goodness forms your daily food,
With plenty more just such in reach.

We want to think that you have been,
On all occasions, just and kind;
Whatever your besetting sin,
We never shall set out to find.
You loved your country; thus began
The reason why we all love you.
While yet sixteen, you yet were one
To don and wear the loyal blue.
A hundred weight was not your spear;
Your weight was scarcely any more;
Your gun weighed sixteen pounds,—'t is clear
What ratio to your gun you bore.

Sixteen to one! Can any doubt?
The proposition is so plain
That he who runs may find it out,
"And seeing may take heart again."
"The footprints on the sands of time"
Are growing somewhat dim, 't is true;
But you have made "your life sublime,"
And all of us rejoice with you.
Now do not think the moments long
That keep us here to-night, to tell,
In homely speech or joyous song,
The annals that we love so well.

Was it not said by one of old
That fitly-spoken words compared
With pictured apples made in gold,
And framed in silver well prepared?

This smacks of silver, and I fain
Would make it gold if more account;
I'll make it equal, and so gain
In rounding up the grand amount.
The years that speed behind that ship
In which you sail, are like the path
The moon's soft rays reveal, and tip
With tints of life's sweet aftermath.

We know that sorrow, oft a guest
Unbidden, sought to mar your feast;
That grief has marked you for his quest,
Can not be questioned in the least.
We know on whose strong arm you leaned;
We know on whom your trust was stayed;
We know the fields in which you gleaned;
We know the God to whom you prayed.
We've seen you take unto your arms
Our children, and in tenderness
Implore God's blessing, while it warms
Our hearts to love's own blessedness.

We've seen you join the hands of youth,
Uniting them in holy bands;
We've heard you bid them prove their troth
By living as our God commands.
We've seen you by the new-made grave,
And heard you speak, in words so well,
The message that a soul might save.
What sweeter story could tongue tell

To hearts bowed down by deepest grief?

Our loved ones gone, can no more come;
But is it not a sweet relief

That we can go to their "sweet home?"

We hope to meet you where we feel

That you are surely to abide,

With her who shares your woe and weal,

And walks in gladness by your side.

May years be spared you, many more,

To bless each other and your friends,

And may we meet you on the shore

Where friendly greeting never ends!

We'll sing the songs we sing to-night,

And echoes hear from heaven's dome,

Where God himself shall be the light,

And there will be our "home, sweet home."

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND
MRS. J. W. LONGBON.

MAY 27, 1899.

“MARRIED fifty years!” Write in gold
The words. We think how manifold
Your joys and sorrows must have been
Through all these years. Can we begin
To count them? No. Recall them now
And mirth and joy would touch the brow,
And there might come a flood of tears
Despite the joys of fifty years.

We’ve known you as our cherished friends;
We’ve known how sorrow often blends
With joy. The heart can not contain
The one or other and refrain
From letting overflow the cup
From which ’t is given us to sup;
And so in sympathy we’re bound
Wherever fellowship is found.

How glad we are that you have thought
Our lives with yours so closely wrought
That you invite us to attend
This festal scene whose aim and end

Are that the love and gratitude
With which your hearts have been imbued
Through all these years may be expressed,
And God's great mercies be confessed.

How well to lean on that strong arm
That well has warded off the harm
And hurt, and swept to your embrace
The good that follows you apace.
Perhaps you struggled in your youth,
As almost all have done, yet truth
And honesty and earnest toil
Have kept your hands and hearts from soil.

Ambitions you have had, and through
Your dreams of better things and true,
These better things have come to you,
And age permits that you renew
Your longings; for await you still
The joys and guerdon which may fill
A never-ending life that we
Look forward to, and hope to see.

Nurtured in your home have been
The dear ones who now enter in
To all the happiness enjoyed
By you whose love is unalloyed.
One stands on Zion's walls and cries
For all men under any skies
To cast away the rags of sin,
And cleanse themselves from stain within.

The sheaves you to the garner bring
Are rich with golden grain. We sing
With you the harvest song to-day,
The nearing home, our roundelay.
We linger on the nearer shore
Of Time which soon shall be no more,
But on the other side shall be
The joys of an Eternity.

In youth we look ahead to see
Our future state and destiny;
When middle age has girt us round,
And cares and labors much abound,
Like Janus, we look back as well
As forward, and our visions tell
That what in youth we hoped to be,
We hope for in futurity.

When old age touches here and there
To dim our eyes or frost our hair,
And his strong fingers touch the thigh
To let us know that he is nigh,
We cease to wrestle, for has failed
Our strength—the angel has prevailed—
Old age for whom in youth we prayed
Has come. And shall his hand be stayed?

“While I was musing burned the fire,”
My thoughts I gave to their desire;
They journeyed backward far away
To scenes of many a long past day.

For you and I remember well
The incidents I fain would tell,
When drank we from the same cold stream,—
(The canteen fiction is a dream.)

We've traveled oft the same tall steep
Through tangled wood where wild vines creep,
And listened to the same shrill shell
That sought for us sometimes so well.
We've heard the missiles pierce the air
That foemen sent; we have laid bare
Our breasts, and that's enough to tell
Of what we did, or ill or well.

Our sun is creeping toward its west;
Our journey reaches past the crest
That overtops our lives, and we
A better prospect hope to see.
The lights are shining on the shore
That lies beyond, and there are more
To greet us there than here remain;
To be with them perhaps were gain.

A dirge I did not mean to sing,
For in my heart are lingering
The echoes of a happy song
That I have cherished there for long;
And were you not so far away
I'd join my song with yours to-day;
And could we not the guests beguile,
They might withdraw a little while.

Your lives have been an open book
That all might read, and none might look
Within it and not hope to find
Some line and precept for the mind.
Such lives we all might emulate,
And living such, there would await
For us as you, the words, "well done,"
And an eternal crown be won.

REUNION OF THE FIFTY-SIXTH REGI- MENT O. V. I.

TO-DAY has been a day of greeting;
A day of happy, joyous meeting,
Meeting friends of long ago;
Though years have sped and left their traces
Upon the many erst loved faces,
Yet these visages we know.

Your forms may seem a little broken,
But still we know them by the token
In our hearts we love to bear.
Your voices least affect the changes,
Except they seek the lower ranges,
And quiver just a little there.

Your hair from what it was may differ,
Your joints have grown a little stiffer—
Tut! tut! less nimble say;
For we are boys e'en yet, though older,
With natures not a whit the colder
Than upon our meeting day.

You know it used to be our wonder
Why it happened that we under
Planet Mars were ushered in
To what we call our earthly being;
The reason still is past our seeing,
And yet to see we may begin.

We've no intent to find the reason,
Philosophy is out of season,
And it is not to our taste.
We'll gossip, if you please, a little,
Though what we say is but a tittle
Of the much that goes to waste.

The faces that we see before us,
The voices that have joined in chorus
In the songs they used to sing,
Convey us back to days of danger,
Days that passing years make stranger
In the changes that they bring.

We've seen your faces 'mid the rattle
Of the dread and angry battle,
Blanched as white as snow;
And we've seen them o'er the ashes
By the camp-fires' dying flashes,
O'er the embers' dying glow.

Thinking of the ones to mention
You had not the least intention,
As 't was sacrilege you know,
So quietly the coming, going
Of feelings of no outward showing
Yet of deep and even flow.

We well remember how the feeling
Came o'er us oft so sadly stealing
That we'd like a short furlough,

To pass beyond the lines a season,
And could there be the slightest reason
Why this thing should not be so?

Were there not ties we wished were tighter
And yet we thought they'd ne'er be slighter,
But there is naught so sweet
As fond assurance oft repeated,
And cherished plans at length completed
And placed beyond defeat.

Deem it not strange that such reflections
Intrude upon our recollections
To find expression here.
That is the purpose of our meeting,
The very warp and woof of greeting,
The feeling we revere.

The days were dark when we enlisted,
But there was something so insisted
That we could not answer, no.
We wished the war might soon be ended,
And our country once more blended
Into smooth and even flow.

We hoped to live. Our expectation
Kept us up. We loved the nation,
But other loves abide;
We had our hopes so fondly cherished,
Alas that even one had perished,
Or rudely pushed aside!

We who survive had no more longing
Than those who perished; for belonging
To their nature was the same
Eager longing for the ending
That should be as joy unending
If in righteousness it came.

Duty done despite the malice
That might simmer in the chalice,
By jealous hatred stirred,
Better far be true and loyal
Than be clothed in vestments royal
By a single cringing word.

I love the man who places duty
Far above the meed of beauty
Which 't were better to forego
Than dip the finger-tips in lotion
Drawn from out the depths of ocean
Bearing pomp within its flow.

The day will come when sturdy merit
Will its meed of praise inherit;
"The mills of God grind slow;"
But there's a test within the grinding
That is always worth the finding
And a privilege to know.

Comrades, we are here to greet you,
It is a pleasant boon to meet you,
And clasp your hands once more.

We felt a little pang at parting,
But into being there were starting
Hopes we scarcely had before.

Behind us lay the path of danger,
Before us might be visions stranger
Than scenes of former years,
Our paths have all along been lighted
By the rays of Peace, yet blighted
Have been hopes and stained with tears.

We part, but still the hope of meeting
Lingers with our word of greeting;
'Tis so we reason well.
Or why this hope of life to be?
Our guerdon, immortality!
Why this longing? who can tell?

CONGRATULATIONS UPON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

DEAR Frank, the years may come and go,
And each bring joy or sorrow,
And every day we can but know
Must have its own to-morrow.
The yesterdays have hid away
For Time's eternal keeping
Their coins of pleasure, though there may
Be with them coins of weeping.

Right glad I am that you have told
Me of your new-found treasure,
And let me wish that manifold
May be the same sweet pleasure;
And when old age shall come apace
And find you somewhat weary,
May children's children's sweet embrace
Make all your ways more cheery!

It seems to me I see you smile
And hear your peals of laughter,
I think you chuckle all the while
You think of the hereafter.
May many girls and many boys
Be found in the procession,
And many dear domestic joys
Be yours for a possession!

1898.

TO MR. O. N. GULDLIN,

ON ACCOUNT OF A CONDITIONAL PROMISE TO
BESTOW CERTAIN PICTURES.

ALREADY I feel so much I'm your debtor,
'T would seem that presenting a mere formal
letter

Would serve but ill as a scant reparation
For kindness bestowed in ample libation.
And now you propose that a grand aggregation
Of beauty and strength and bright animation,
Caught by the sun by your invocation,
Belongs to your guests by your presentation ;
Withholding the same as sort of inducement
To foster the ends of kindly amusement,
Demanding in place some kind of a letter
As partial reward for something much better.

I like your design, I like the designer,
I can not well see how your scheme could be finer ;
And what is well planned by you as the planner,
Deserves the award of a very fine banner
Inscribed on its folds in more than profusion
That you are a prince—dispel the illusion
That you are aught less — and a host that em-
braces

The virtues of princes and all their fine graces.

I could say more, for plenty more rushes
Imploring expression; but sparing your blushes,
I only desire that when you go outing,
To go but with you will save me from doubting
That the gods have returned to astonish us mortals
By spreading apart just a mite their rich portals.
1898.

THE ALL-AROUND-MAN.

THE all-around-man is built on the plan
Of capacity deep and profound;
Being ready of wit, he is conscious of it,
And his words have a resonant sound.

Convinced in his mind that the most of mankind
Regard him with wonder and awe
As a prodigy true of all that is new
In religion and learning and law,

He rushes in where the angels have care
Not even to rustle their wings,
And he cooes and he woos and simpers and sues,—
On occasion his virtues he sings.

When porridge it rains his plate he maintains
In position to get his full share;
In the speech of the day, 't is proper to say
He keeps up the right side with care.

He is ever alert to show how expert
In any emergency he
Can be, and his touch amounts to so much
Wherever he happens to be.

Perhaps you may know as you to and fro
Pass along the highway of life,
Some man of this kind, so bland and refined,
And free from suspicion and strife.

Now as to the way, I 've nothing to say,
Such men are held in esteem;
Perhaps it is well that I should not tell,
And thus not dispel a sweet dream.

But then after all we can but recall
That one small head can contain
Some intricate schemes and entertain themes
That show a proportionate brain.

Then hold out a chance for those who would dance,
And let the piper pipe on;
His music may thrill, but never can kill,—
So bid consternation begone!

AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

IN the twilight I am musing
Of the scenes of long ago—
The twilight of the evening
Of life's eventful flow.

Not the twilight that comes tripping
At the heels of parting day,
But the twilight that is fading
At the end of life's brief way.

You may ask me what my musing,
And what may its burden be,
And what thoughts that may be passing,
And what visions that I see?

In a word I can not answer,
Nor would a volume tell;
Nor could you hear with patience,
Though I might speak it well.

The mysteries of being,
Those things that hidden be;
The sunlight on the mountain,
The gleaming on the sea;

The clouds that bear their burden,
And with their burdens break;
And sound of troubled water,
And turmoil that they make,—

All these are striking emblems
That represent one side
Of life's eventful journey,
When comes the eventide.

But I hear a gentle sighing,
Like zephyrs in the pines;
'T is sad, but sweetly soothing—
To listlessness inclines.

A heart that may be burdened
With many a hidden care,
The world has ne'er conjectured
Had any lodgment there.

But I must cease my musing—
The twilight comes apace—
Though numberless analogies
Come tripping into place.

I know that night is coming,
And when the morning's light
Shall usher in a dawning
Of day without a night.

I can not tell the rapture
My soul shall then possess:
Greater far than expectation—
I know 't will not be less.

MY DELTA TAU DELTA BADGE.

YES, this badge has bided with me
Many years; witnessed silently
The changes that have come apace
To me in life's uneven race.
'T was placed above my heart by hands
That ne'er would smite, but Love's demands
Obey with gladness. I my way
Pursued, and other ways went they
Who by my side assumed the vow
That you assume and rev'rence now.

It may have been a sentiment,
And only that; yet I content
To wear it still, though none should know
Its meaning. More to me than show,
This silent harbinger of good,
And solace in my solitude;
A rosary it was to me—
Unspeaking, yet sweet company.
I look upon its stars, significant
Of comradery, and so would chant
The names of friends I've seen no more,
Nor shall I see till life is o'er
For me; for they have gone, and wait
My coming at the pearly gate.

I scanned its crescent, and the strength
Thereby suggested came at length
To supplement my weakness, though,
In larger sense, 't was mine to know
The strength a threefold cord combines
To hold, and be the cord that binds
Our hearts in that fraternal love
That finds approval from above;
And till I stand by death's dark sea,
My talisman this badge shall be.

STANFORD COLLEGE,
PALO ALTO, CAL., 1898.

HOW I EARNED A DOLLAR FOR THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

SOME money to earn in order to spend
The same for a good and commendable end
Engaged my attention, and I am to tell
The way it was done, how ill or how well.

I hope that my telling will no way appall,
Or frighten, or startle, or shock you at all,
For be well assured the sweat of my brow
Came out in great drops while milking my cow.

My hair more than once came down in long
strands,
While rubbing my horse with both of my hands.
I carried my pail along through the street
Regardless of whom I might happen to meet.

My purse had run low, and somewhat to save
Was the problem to solve; and therefore I gave
My attention to thinking. The horse and the cow
Came into my thought, as being just now

The wards of my care; and how could I earn
A dollar more nicely than unto them turn?
I gave them my service, as they had served me,
And they tried to express their tranquillity.

Now "Bossie" was gentle, and kindly old "Bob"
Was grateful if only I threw him a cob.
And when with my hands I smoothed his soft skin
He ceased from his eating, his pranks to begin.

He stamped and he bit, but careful was he
That a foot or a tooth should never reach me.
Poor fellow! he never could once comprehend
That his mistress was told by a summer-time
friend

That he would not trust her for *one peck of grain*
To keep him from starving! How sad a refrain!
For "Bob" had gone errands for folks not a few,
And swift to do good, more good than he knew.

I had my reward, for "Bob" was more kind,
And "Bossie" showed plainly that she was re-
signed;
She kicked not before, nor kicked out behind,
Nor swished with her tail my "peepers" to blind.

But I found myself in the deepest distress.
Who was to pay me? I here must confess
It never came into my mind that the pay
Was to come, if at all, in an undefined way.

Where was the boss that taled out the tole?
Imagine my dazed and agonized soul!
I had not been saving, for nothing to save
Is sad as a voice might be from the grave.

I many times wondered that I had not thought
How futile the hope in which I had wrought!
And finding myself as poor as before,
I decided to enter the contest once more.

I sold what I had and came to the West,
But never gave up the laudable quest,
Yet finding myself infirm and some old,
I despaired of *recoup* by digging for gold.

I had to do something, but what it should be,
I waited in wonder and patience to see.
To him who has waited, all things, they say,
Are apt to come straggling along in his way.

I used to have notions that somehow to cook
Came handy to me, and I cared not for book,
But just the wee things that mother me taught,
Have oft served me better than ever she
thought.

I made some preserves for a lady I know,
She furnished the fruit and sugar, and so
I made on the shares her peaches and pears
Into a dainty a king for his fares

Might covet; and lo! when it was done,
Not a penny was mine; not one, not one.
Nil desperandum is Latin for pluck,
I never did dote very much on my luck.

I turned to my needle. A bonnet I made.
I never had learned the milliner trade;
I know a good thing in bonnet or hat,
I knew in this case just what I was at.

My pay was now certain. My bonnet was nice,
Complaint there was none concerning the price;
Some compliments came that set me right up,
And sweetened somewhat my disconsolate cup—

Yet the wages thus earned are scarcely enough,
Of what the world sniffs at and calls it "the stuff,"
To pay off the score set off by my name
And so I must add some more to the same.

My purse is depleted. In heart I am rich.
In the eyes of the world I fill a small niche;
But here's to my friends wherever they be,
A smile or a tear, which ever I see

Is more to their liking, more to their need,
More to their comfort or more to their greed—
The greed that lays waiting a good act to do.
Count on me ever, I'll try to be true.

The gift I send freely o'er thousands of miles,
I trust it will meet with unstinted smiles;
It surely deserves no sign of a frown,
May it earn for some soul a mitre and crown!

1896.

“I TELL FORTUNES.”

DEAR Sybil, won't you tell me why
You roam the fields of prophecy?
What subtle skill commands your brain
That o'er the future you maintain
A certain kind of potent skill
That opens up her stores at will?

Beneath what suns, and in what climes,
And by what streams, and in what times,
Have *spooks* upon you laid their hands
That you may wander through their lands,
And pluck their flowers, taste their fruit,
And make them yield their lore, to boot?

You wake the echoes of the past
That reach ahead among the vast
Expanse of regions yet untrod
Save by the sacred steps of God.
I pause, for here is holy ground,
Where feet profane must not be found.

I stand upon the threshold filled
With awe unfeigned, by you instilled.
Nay, think not that I do but jest;
A wonderer I stand, confessed,
All may have been in merry vein
With kind intent to entertain.

Admit that all was said in play,
You told me of the coming day,
Events of which you gave discourse,
Came following other, each in course,
You are a very witch, I'd say,
Or something like one, anyway.

Let witch be said in sweetest sense,
Implying naught but innocence;
A little mischief now and then,
Like nonsense, greatly pleases men;
Their vanity you chance to feel,
And you have found Achilles' heel.

Some things as yet must come to pass
Ere all has been fulfilled. Alas!
The arrows that were on their way
To pierce me, may have come to stay;
A feather trailing through the air
Guides piercing steel to breasts made bare.

I'd pluck them from my wounded breast;
But fiercely barbed, they still contest
My strength, and I can illy bear
Them festering and clinging there.
I still may hope that time may bring
The balm of healing on his wing.

The good you promised lingers yet,
And yet it is as sunshine set
In peaceful scenes when silence brings
No cause or fear of murmurings;

I bid the shadows bide away,
And greet the glints of brighter day.

You bade me write and haply tell
If you had augured ill or well.
Your bidding I have done; I'd cross
Your palm with silver, yet as dross
Would you compare its sterling worth
With words of kindness and mirth.

For fitly spoken words are oft
Like summer breezes cool and soft,
Allaying fevers, soothing pain,
That lull the soul as a refrain
May still a child and bring it sleep,
And sunshine bring to eyes that weep.

Silvern pictures framed in gold;
So were they called in days of old.
Time has not changed their value yet,
Nor ceased their function to beget
Their like. Let kindness speak and tell
Their virtues and their healing spell.

I have no language to convey
My thanks; if I could only say
The half of what I deeply feel,
The other half would still appeal
To be revealed. So you must guess
The measure of my thankfulness.

BETWEEN THE YEARS.

ON THE TRAIN IN THE COAST RANGE.

THE OLD YEAR.

WE often speak of the dying year,
I have never heard that a single tear
Came trickling down on the solemn bier
Where he was lying.
To-night we glide on the moving train;
Without is falling the ruthless rain,
And through it all, like a sad refrain,
The wind is sighing.

Another hour and the tale is told,
The record closed of the year that's old;
Nor ransom, though it be of gold,
Can change the voicing.
The hands are pointing towards the time
When the midnight hour, in joyful chime,
Will sounded be, by Father Time,
On bells rejoicing.

THE NEW YEAR.

The year whose death we so lately sung
In accents grave, we number among
The buried years, and not a tongue
Is heard lamenting.

The New-Year scatters away our grief,
And the green obscures the withered leaf,
And the forward look suggests relief
 To souls repenting.

Our good resolves shed a genial ray
Over the coming and unknown way.
May it usher in a better day
 For our aspiring!
God grant that the years as they grow apace,
May speed us on to a better place,
Where faith lays hold on abounding grace,
 Free and untiring!

SAN FRANCISCO, 1896.

“WE ’LL KNOW AS SOON AS WE DIE.”

A DEAR little boy comes oft to my side,
And asks me such questions as these:
“Shall we have wings when we shall have died,
To bear us aloft on the breeze?
Shall we, like birds upon the soft air,
Go flying about in the sky?
And speed to and fro, here, there, everywhere,
Like them, as soon as we die?”

I gave my assent—what else could I do?
I saw that his dream was a joy
I should not dispel, for it all might be true,
Just as it seemed to the boy.
For a while he looked away to the sky,
I wondered if aught he might see;
“If so,” said he, “together we ’ll fly—
Yes; you will go flying with me.”

I said not a word, but nurtured the thought
Expressed by the sweet little boy;
So full of his love, and sweetly inwrought
With tokens of confident joy.
I waited to hear if he might not complete
The picture that came to his eye;
And these were his words, I do but repeat:
“We ’ll know as soon as we die.”

1897.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

THE stuff of which our lives are made,
Is time, so say the sages;
A personage that greed and trade
Can not control, nor make afraid—
Receives no hue from light or shade,
But doles to men their ages.

So potent is his regal sway,
Men deify his title;
And make him lord of night and day,
As one by one they speed away,
And beauty bring or else decay
To every thing that's vital.

Men put a scythe upon his back,
A sand-glass in his clutches;
His bones are bare and painted black,
And desolation in his track
The picture shows, and there's a lack
Of any pleasing touches.

Man's inhumanity to man,—
They'd have old time to share it;
But what recks he for mortal ban
Man's race he measures with a span,
And terminates each selfish plan—
The schemes that men inherit.

Time gently deals with patient souls
 Who strive in life's endeavor,
To render solace not in doles,
In sable gown, or fringed stoles,
But seeks that love which still controls
 And keeps them young forever.

Time gently deals, while yet his plow
 Makes deeper still the furrows
That he has marked across the brow,
And we discern them even now,
And 'neath his burden meekly bow,
 Or be they griefs or sorrows.

We speak of time and lo ! we mean
 God's love and providence ;
And though our senses intervene
Our souls and him who gave between,
Our fondest hope is that we lean
 On these as we go hence.

God's love is not a bruised reed,
 It never breaks nor pierces ;
It bears us up though sorest need,
It solace brings, though heart-strings bleed,
It heightens joy, is joy indeed,—
 In desolation cheers us.

I'm conscious that I stand to-night
 Within a circle's center
Whose band is broken, and the light
From realms unknown to mortal sight [blight
Comes streaming down, though death's sad
 Forbids the light to enter.

When years have fled we see at last
The beauty of the blending;
Companionship forever past,
Could not the eye of faith forecast
Within the future's domain vast
And bright and never ending.

We upward turn the weary eye
To where the stars are shining,
Like sentinels upon the sky,
That watch us while the years go by;
But shall we falter, you and I,
Whatever our inclining?

In our association here
We form a constellation;
We do the work within our sphere,
In conscious weakness and in fear,
And though it doth not yet appear,
God knows our destination.

No star is known to quit the sky,
And here is no abiding;
And as the years go flitting by,
As birds of passage swiftly fly,
We quit our stations, you and I,
Our paths awhile dividing.

The reassembling not long hence,
Now dimly lies before us;
Nor recognized by sign or sense,
Nor whither gone, nor yet from whence,
Nor where shall end, nor where commence
The everlasting chorus!

For once, 't is said, the morning stars
Sang sweetly in the azure ;
And if their songs were hushed by Mars'
Or Jupiter's resounding cars,
Or ceased when mortals went to wars,
Let peace renew their measure.

When man has lived aright his day,
And served his generation,
What can he do but pass away,
And leave to other hands the sway
That once he bore in life's array
Of griefs and exaltation?

Life's work well done, life's crown well won,
The goal of our ambition ;
And when the sleep of death shall come,
May we awake beneath the dome
That overspans our heavenly home,
When hope becomes fruition !
1880.

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

I 'M getting old; my head is gray,
And threescore years along the way
I 've kept my pilgrimage. To-day
I pause. No, that can't be !
But I can glance along the years
Through which I 've passed, and many tears
Have flecked the way ; still there appears
A smile to comfort me.

That smile I saw so long ago,
That one would scarcely think its glow
Would sweetly warm my heart, but know
It was my mother's smile,—
The first that ever beamed on me,
'T was full of love as smile could be,
Born of a faith that I might be
To her a loving child.

My dimpled hand her own would seek,
And place it softly on her cheek,
Ere I a word of love could speak ;
Yet she could comprehend
That her own love in me begot
Affection that should perish not,
That time should bring to it no blot,
Till time itself should end.

Such faith of her own love was born ;
Alas! that ever should be torn,
The fabric that a heart has worn,
 So warm for hoped-for bliss !
What changes have the flying years
Brought in their train of hopes and fears,
And smiles that struggled oft through tears,
 When all had gone amiss !

I can not say how well was kept
The promise. Oft it may have slept,
And o'er its slumbers I have wept—
 Perhaps I wept too late.
But mother's loving heart ne'er gave
A sign of disappointment, save
When thinking that for me the grave
 Might open first its gate !

I fondly hope that there will be,
When I have crossed the crystal sea,
My mother's smile awaiting me
 Hard by the Pearly Gate.
Her spirit voice and spirit hand
Will greet me in the better land,
And I at length with her shall stand
 Where she has gone to wait.

GROWING OLD.

WE ever think we are awaking
From a thralldom and a quaking
The while our thoughts are deftly making
Very warp and woof of gold ;
And into life's strange loom is weaving
Webs so cunningly deceiving
That 'tis even past believing
That ourselves are growing old.

If every thought were but a ladder
That bore us higher, though 't were sadder,
Or perchance it might be gladder
Than the thoughts we had before,
There would be a hope implanted,
Unholy fears might be supplanted,
And useless longings be recanted
And cast aside for evermore.

We know the years are swiftly passing,
And that before our eyes are massing
Scenes so strange and far surpassing
Anything we've seen before ;
They speed across our mental vision,
They could not be from fields Elysian,
Nor can we ever with precision
Know the message that they bore.

There are messages of passion,
Hate and love whose form and fashion
Are the rocks we often clash on
 While sailing through the sea
Whose waves uprear and then depress us,
Whose undulations oft distress us,
And sometimes soothe, yea, often bless us,
 And teach us charity.

OLD ORCHARD.

OLD Orchard, I know not the fruit
Your trees of antiquity bear ;
I've seen not a branch or a root,
I've plucked not an apple or pear.

I've sat in your deep shady grove,
And the squirrels have played overhead,
And the birds have caroled their love,
Yet I know not a word that they said.

And still 't would be strange if the strain
To the seats should never descend,
A sweet repetition to gain
By the tongues of the children of men.

This gives me no present concern,
For the years are nearly a score
Since I in such school sought to learn
The lessons I've conned o'er and o'er.

Old Orchard, I now bid adieu
To your shades I've learned to love well,
And friends I have made, thanks to you ;
Old Orchard, I bid you—farewell.

NEGLECTED.

INSCRIBED TO "THE DAUGHTERS OF THE KING."

I HOPE you never yet have known
The pain-evoking inward groan
That one can only bear alone
When he's neglected.
What need is there to specify
By whom, or tell the reason why,
Or pause to note the rising sigh
Of one rejected?

I hope you ne'er against the wall
Stood up in rows of short and tall,
And could not understand at all
Why all was dreary.
The cup of mirth was passing round
And there was not a solemn sound
Or uttered syllable to wound
Or make you weary!

And yet I think I've seen you stand
And inwardly to reprimand,
And designate as contraband
Each small amusement,
When, had you entered with a will,
Into the niche that you might fill,
Into your heart there would distill
A sweet refreshment.

The world is better than it seems,
When viewed by eyes from which the beams
Have been thrust out—from which there gleams
 A light approving.
When motes within our neighbor's eyes
Are no more made a legal prize,
Occasions more will then arise
 For real loving!

We need not ever once suppose
That there is any plant that grows,
That to the soil so greatly owes
 Its sweet existence,
As that esteem we so much prize,
That we have favor in the eyes
Of those we deem as pure and wise
 With no resistance.

Ye troubled ones, who see no good
In other lives, do as ye would
That others do to you—and should
 There be no favor
To you still more than has been shown,
The fault is surely all your own;
For now, and ever, be it known,
 Like deeds, like savor.

There's nothing in the world that spreads
Like smiles. They gather round our heads
Like clouds of glory, and there sheds
 A sheen of gladness

That oft the weary passer-by
Greets gladly while approaching nigh —
Remembers, scarcely knowing why,
In times of sadness.

“ Yet into every heart must fall
Some rain.” I’m glad it need not all
Be rain; for who can not recall
A heaping measure
Filled up with blessings rich and rare,
So many that we well could spare
To other souls that burdens bear,
Some of our treasure?

And still enough to cheer the way,
And bear the burdens of the day,
Endure its heat, and still allay
A neighbor’s sorrow;
Who is my neighbor but the man
Who in God’s well-directed plan,
May need my aid, with whom I can
Exchange and borrow?

The better powers of my soul,
Awake! and ever hence control
My life! My fellow-men enroll
As friends forever!
And if one name should be erased,
His be the act that has effaced
The heart on which it has been traced,—
By my act, never!

The " Daughters of the King " should be
The bearers of the King's decree,
That he who says, " I follow thee,
 Myself denying,"
Shall find His yoke an easy load,
And beacon-lights upon the road
That leads him upward to his God,
 To life undying.

The Gates of Pearl will come at last
In sight ; all sorrow will be past,
With joy the future is o'ercast
 From Him reflected,
When He shall come to claim his own,
Whose seat is near the Father's throne,
Whom we shall know as we are known,—
 No more neglected.

The end is peace, and at the gate
The Angel of that blest estate,
The " Daughters of the King " await
 To give them greeting ;
" As ye have done it unto these
My little ones," nor sought to please
Yourselves with self-indulgent ease,
 Blest be this meeting !

1887.

ACQUIESCENCE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HON. H. S. BUNDY.

THE day will ne'er forgotten be
When hastened over land and sea
The saddest story ever heard,
And left no soul with grief unstirred.
"Lincoln killed! Assassin's shot!"
The Nation heard, all else forgot,
While brave men wept and women cried
That such a man as he had died.

A good man heard, and straightway went
To see the preacher with intent
To talk it over, and discern
What lesson from such grief to learn.
The preacher's eyes were filled with tears,
While both expressed their greatest fears
That anarchy and dire distress
Would follow up such wickedness.

A drunken man perchance stood by
With maudlin speech and blearful eye;
To everything the preacher said
He gave consent and wagged his head.
So back and forth the converse ran
'Twixt preacher and his fellow-man,
And all the while the man of drinks
Kept up his nods and furtive winks.

The preacher ventured to remark
That though the hour was sad and dark,
Yet still behind the cloud might be
A brighter prospect than we see,
That sanctioned by God's providence
Some good might be the recompense.
The drunken man was sharp and quick;
"That 's so," he said, "a blamed mean trick."

OUR ONE-YEAR-OLD MAN.

OUR one-year-old man has made up his mind
To leave certain customs and notions behind.
For instance, he thinks that a crust of dry bread
Is prettý good living on which to be fed.
He sticks to his milk as though it were made
The making of bone and of sinew to aid.
He holds up his arms to be taken up,
He points at the glass and then at the cup,
As much as to say, "More milk, if you please;
As this is my inn, I'll here take mine ease."
And we are his servants:—we come at his nod;
We go at his bidding; his will as a rod
Controls us so gently that gladly we run
To honor his mandates, his will to be done.
Our one-year-old man can make an address
And not say a word, it may be, unless
His "goo-goo" means something far more than we
know,—

We mortals who've lingered so long here below.

You know we've forgot how they spoke in the
sky,

So long has it been since we came from on high.
While these little men who are just a year old
Know ever so much that they never have told:
Alas that they, too, are doomed to forget
The accents of heaven while hearing the fret

And worry of earth as years run apace
And lines and deep furrows creep into the face!
But so it must be; like the broken-up sod,
These furrows receive the sunshine of God;
And if we are patient, the slow-nurtured vine
Will give to its grapes the soul-cheering wine.

Our one-year-old man comes up with a smile
As sweet as the odor of flowers; and while
The cherry-tree blooms sweep the window without
He laughs as he looks, and he leaps with a shout
To grasp the bright bloom that must soon pass
away,

And a memory be of our baby's birthday.
He smacks his sweet lips (we think they are sweet)
As though with his kisses his servants he'd greet;
We do what we can to entertain him,
But often we think our resources are slim
Compared with the comfort with which he repays
Our efforts in divers and sundry 'cute ways.
He says very little, but that's to the point,—
The point of his finger will quickly unjoint
The kinks in our wondering of his intent,
And soon it is clear just what is thus meant.
He points if 't is music, he points if 't is meat,
If song to regale or if crackers to eat;
That sweet little finger points everything out,
Till the *point* is, this *point* we can't do without.

Our one-year-old man: May twenty years more
Add much to your joy and much to your lore!

Until then you'll be ours; but when you are
grown

The law will step in and say "you're your own:"

If any of us should linger here then

We'll hold on to our claim, and we hope among
men

That you'll still be as pure as the beams from the
sun,

Or as crystals of snow, that melt and then run

In streams of pure water, the pastures to bless

That teem with God's mercy and loving caress.

PASSING DOWN.

WE'RE out upon the stream of time,
Passing down.

Do ye not hear the splashing oar
As ye have heard it oft before?
Have ye not heard the ready rhyme,
Taking form in pleasing rote,
Borne abroad on rippling note,
Passing down?

The laughter e'en of long ago,
Passing down,
Lingers yet in list'ning ears,
And to our eyes there yet appears
The smiles we witnessed come and go,
And into busy being start
Pleasing musings of the heart,
Passing down.

There were islands in the streams,
Passing down;
We love to think upon their shade
And the pictures that they made,
And the sunlight's cheerful gleam,—
We used to pause and think the sun
Awhile his course should cease to run,
Passing down.

With sails as strong, as firmly set,
 As any rigging we could boast,
 Who yet have stranded on life's coast,
 Passing down.

What has kept our craft afloat,
 Passing down?
 We look across the fleeing years,
 And all along a light appears,
 A light which never is remote,
 The love of God, by which alone
 We keep our journey on and on,
 Passing down.

The stream on which we seem to glide,
 Passing down,
 Will soon merge into the sea
 That men have called Eternity;
 Then where, O where, shall we abide,
 Unworthy creatures of the dust?
 There is an anchor we can trust,
 Passing down.

If there's no resurrection morn,
 Passing down,
 Then the anchor will not hold,
 And the way is dark and cold,
 The joys of life are from us shorn,
 While clinging to the vessel's side;
 Naught but miseries abide,
 Passing down.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF.

THE little fellow at my knee
Is full of fun as he can be.
He mocks the milkman and he rings
His bell, or so pretends, and sings :
 “ Who ’ll buy my milk? who ’ll buy ? ”
 To every neighbor passing by.

Again he ’ll be a whole brass-band,
And beat his drum and mount the stand
And wave his baton in the air,
And rend it wide, with noise to spare.
 “ Hello ! ” he ’ll say, “ just hear me play ;
 And hear my drum go bum, bum, bum ! ”

You hold your breath and stop your ears,
And for the moment it appears
That all the Indians had come
To raise your hair by sound of drum.
 “ Hush, my darling, come to me. ”
 The boy ’s as mute as he can be.

And then he lays his little cheek
Against my grizzled one. I seek
To kiss his lips. Away he bounds.
Again reverberating sounds
Are in the air, and everywhere
Fill every nook. But only look !

His song no longer loud but sweet
Is measured by his moving feet.
No words float out, but just a stream
Of melody, a fairy dream.

And so it is, from day to day,
My mimic seeks to find in play
His labor, which to me more yields
Than toil in mart or burdened fields.

His "traffic is the coin" of joy
That's current only to the boy;
More valued far than virgin gold
In our esteem as we grow old.

But he will find, and that ere long,
That life means more than joy and song;
To mock his fellows he'll not care,
For all the time and everywhere,

He'll find some fellow on his track
To watch his every turn and tack;
And so like others he must learn
To keep his head at every turn.

A LETTER TO T. R. PARKER.

I 'VE wandered much this coast around,
And this I'll say, I 've always found
Wherever I have chanced to stray,
Some one who seemed well pleased to say,
"Do you know Parker, that dear sage
Who lives at Napa, whose old age
Advancing, makes him seem more young,
And renders smoother pen and tongue?"

"Yes, I know Parker; by the hour
He's held me by his subtile power
To tell me stories that have pith
And pertinence and point therewith."
To my response they all agree
With ready unanimity,
And tell me something apropos,
To back my estimate, you know.

If out at Carson, Wiley tells
How gas from sundry products smells;
And how the carbon finds egress
From many a strange unsav'ry mess
To which he may have had resort
To feed into his gas retort,—
If Parker found it out, he'd tell
The story, and he'd tell it well.

If Walla Walla's wizard lost
The holder of his gas, the cost
Redounded to his credit, and
His wits had power to command.
A canvas bag was never made
Except to help the carrier trade,
But step aside from old tradition,
And yield to Burrow's intuition.

There never was a time when wit
Could not ward off whatever it
Found standing in its way, and so
There comes some good from winds that blow
Across our pathway as we tread,
On which but meager light is shed.
Still there is some consolation
In thinking of the compensation.

I'm glad you have so many chances
To air your bright and lively fancies.
You make mankind a heap sight better
By soothing it by lip and letter.
You make it have a good opinion
Of its old self, which is a pinion
On which it flies its virtues higher,
And still to better things aspire.

I'm glad that those who make the light
Have other means by which the night
Gives way to sweet illumination
Combined with love and approbation.

I hear your name where'er I go ;
I'm always asked if I may know
One Parker,—who lives at Napa;
To say I do makes me most happy.
1896.

AFTER THE BANQUET.

While eating with you, I've also been thinking,
And some will aver, perhaps, I've been drinking;

For call you it wisdom, or call you it folly,
There's much in it all to make us feel jolly.
I've noted to-night that glasses were kissing,
And toasts have gone round for the found and the missing,

And speech has been genial and bright as the fires
That kindle the soul to holy desires ;
I've heard many stories from time unto time
Told in bright prose or in sinuous rhyme.

I've heard how the mountains were scaled to their
height,

The armies defeated and scattered in flight.
I've heard of the heroes who never knew fame,
Whose deeds were not yoked with a heralded name;
For the name it was lowly, and only of kings
And of princes are said such praiseworthy things;
But whose is the soul that can ever deny
That the record is just that is kept upon high?
Recount then the deeds, by whomever won,
As awaiting the plaudit, "Well done! well done!"

THE COMING OF THE MORNING.

AS TOLD A LADY BLIND FROM CHILDHOOD.

“THE coming of the morning” sing!
Its slow advance and lingering;
The longing that they feel who wait
Its advent through Aurora’s gate.

How often on the hostile field
I’ve waited for the night to yield
Its scepter and its potent sway
To morn and the returning day!

No matter what the day might bring,
If joy or sadness on its wing
Were borne, the wish would still intrude,
That morn might come, howe’er imbued.

And so when night has kept its way
Well on to morning, and its stay
Is almost ended, signs appear
Upon the sky in symbols clear,

As by God’s finger ever traced
That night’s departure must make haste;
There spreads across the farthest east
A sheen of gray, and just the least

Faint tinge appears of growing light
That forms a contrast with the night;
The stars that shone in brightness through
The darker hours on fields of blue

Now show some pallor, and they fade
As night withdraws her somber shade.
It is but seeming, yet they shine,
But their dominion they resign.

Then comes a touch of crimson hue
Across the gray, and mingles through
The whole area of the sky,
And sends rejoicing to the eye

That watches for the coming dawn,
And brightens all it falls upon.
The stars have faded out of sight;
Advancing day needs not their light.

Before the sun begins his race,
There still remains a little space,
As if the world might rub its eyes
And not be taken by surprise.

And then there comes a rim of light
Lifting upward to the sight,
And later moments will reveal
What seems to be a fiery wheel,

That slowly moves along the sky,
So bright as vision to defy:—
The morning's come! and so the day
Resumes its scepter and its sway.

THE READING CLUB.

OLD-TIME FUN.

A DOZEN years ago or more (it may not be so many),
We used to talk each grievance o'er, if grievance
there was any.
If any member had not walked straightforward
and discreetly,
The rest of us just up and talked him up and
down completely.

You may remember how that sleep o'ercame a certain brother,
And that it almost made us weep to watch him
try to smother
The drowsy goddess that would ride upon his
eyes' dark lashes,
With tears that almost served to hide his visage
and moustaches.

He would not see the girls quite home, so great
was the confusion,
Because of sleep so overcome,—so dulled by its
intrusion.
His name was William, and the same cognomen
others boasted,
So was contrived a little game to get the right one
roasted.

This much is preface, understand, to tell of the
occasion,
All this was written in the sand—the author's
sure evasion.
The lines took shape and hid away, by almost all
forgotten;
Some breeze has borne them here to-day, by some
strange freak begotten.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

Four Williams sat in a single row, sweet William
each was he;
And each one longed himself to know the sweet-
est one to be.
Not apple cast on ancient floor when Beauty sought
the prize
Aroused a scene expectant more than that which
met our eyes.
Now W. W. knew that pink of the flock was he,
And W. M. still taller grew as he thought on W. T.;
With folded arms a little apart sat W. M. McG.,
With just a little pain at his heart, as any one
might see.
In a single row they all four sat, in silence sat they
four;
Their anxious forms we all smiled at till smile we
could no more.
They heard the charge of Dr. G., and each did
hear and sigh,
They thought upon his pedigree, and thought he'd
like to die;

Each heard the charge unsavory, and hitched
 him on his chair ;
 O where was his ungallantry? let any answer
 "where?"
 Had he not gone when nights were dark and mists
 came settling down,
 When ghosts might chance to take their lark about
 the lonely town?—
 Had he not gone alone, I say—yes, to his home
 alone,
 Nor lady offered to allay the fears that o'er him
 come?
 Then why should he ungallant be esteemed, and
 pointed out?
 On which sweet William they 'd agree there lin-
 gered not a doubt.
 So not the apple Venus kissed was he to make his
 prize ;
 But Sodom's Apple's bitterness, confusion and sur-
 prise.
 Four Williams sat in a single row, sweet William
 each was he.
 One William sighed and muttered low, and smiled—
 the other three.

These lines are written to revive some scenes per-
 chance that slumber
 Within sweet memory's archives, piled up, may be,
 as lumber.
 Let 's take them out, and brush them up, esteem
 it no harsh duty,

We may unearth a golden cup or something else
of beauty.

The annals of this club can tell full many a pleas-
ing story;

The time has come when we do well to ponder on
its glory.

MEPHITIS AMERICANA.

A MINNESOTA LEGEND.

I HAVE in mind just now to quote a
Legend weird of Minnesota,
Concerning three men on a journey,
One of whom had thought to turn a
Penny on a splendid section,
Provided that a sure connection
Between desire to sell and purchase
Should be brought unto the surface.

One man there was a little weary,
While the other two were cheery;
For the journey elongated
More than he had calculated.
All had gotten somewhat drowsy,
When lo! a sight that would arouse a
Heavy sleeper met their vision!
Say not 't was a sight elysian!

In the path in which they guided
The chariot wheels, a sight abided
That did inspire but evil bodings,
Spite of gun and pistol loadings;
The driver uttered something blue;
The Frenchman faltered out "*Mon Dieu!*"
The third man interposed the curtain
To make the weapon more uncertain.

Truth and fiction oft are blended;
But deem not yet my story ended;
The Frenchman said: "*Mon homme*, how can a
Man who comes from Indiana
Where air is sweet with scent of blossoms,
And only raccoons and opossums
Roam the wilds and give no odor,
And never hover near the road or
Any way become disturber,
Or an abominable perturber,
Be caught in such a snare? A
Little care I for the prairie."

So with the large but unseen cargo
Back they hastened unto Fargo;
And he who sells and he who buys
Have only teardrops in their eyes;
For he who sought to own more lands
Retained his *d'argent* in his hands.
And so the journey came to naught
Except the lesson thereby taught,
That has been taught so oft before,
That weak to strong does not give o'er
The battle always. Nothing more.

THE TEXAS DRUMMER AND THE MISSISSIPPI MERCHANT;

OR,

PROGRESSIVE HAPPINESS.

“I ’M from Coffin County, Texas,” said the drummer to the man

Who buys up things at wholesale, and sells them
as he can ;

“What I have now to offer is as good as ever
sold,

That you may have at bargains in barter for your
gold.”

“I ’m glad to meet you, stranger, I have a brother
John,

Who lives in Coffin County, where long since he
has gone ;

I hope you know my brother; and surely if you do,
You give me untold pleasure, far more than I can
you.”

“O yes,” said he of samples, “I know your brother
well ;

I very often see him, and I am glad to tell
He ’s known as a substantial man, who keeps right
well apace

With the foremost in the county in wealth’s ex-
citing race.”

"I'm glad I met you, stranger, you know my brother John!

How well he must be doing, I'm pleased to think upon.

When you go back, you'll see him, and tell him you've seen me,

And that I'm faring badly, as surely you must see.

And tell him that a little help by way of ready cash,

Would be not only timely, but save me from a crash."

Aroused the drummer's sympathy, he said, "Let's have a drink."

A very queer suggestion, you may incline to think.

But spurned not was the offer; quite ready to comply,

This impecunious merchant, for he was getting dry.

To brim were filled the glasses, and then the social clink,

In token of good fellowship, and then the luscious drink.

"I'm glad I met you, stranger, you'll see my brother John,

And tell him when you see him how well I'm getting on."

Once more the inclination came o'er the old man's brain

To taste the nectar that could bring prosperity again.

The drummer saw the quiver that sat upon his lip,
And ordered two more bumpers from which they
long did sip.

The old man's tongue was loosened, he told of
what success

He met with in his business, which never could
grow less.

"I'm glad I met you, stranger, please do n't forget
to tell

My brother when you see him, I'm doing very
well."

The drummer, so delighted with the progress he
had made

In fostering prosperity and adding to his trade,

The third time called for toddies a little extra
strong,

That met with quick consumption, and did not
tarry long.

"I'm glad I met you, stranger; my brother John
you'll see,

And tell him if he needs some help, just make his
draft on me."

WILL CARLETON.

DID heaven send Will Carleton down to draw
the screen apart
That else would hide the fountains from which our
motives start,
Then holding up the motives, to look through
them to scan
The sort of stuff they 're made of, and in what sort
of man?

He tells some curious stories which make us some-
times doubt
If his imagination has not conjured them all out;
And all is done so cleverly you fairly know the
things
Are heart and soul of real life of which Will Carle-
ton sings.

Now if he lived among us here, instead of Brook-
lyn town,
There is not any kind of doubt but just the same
renown
Would still attach unto his name, and everything
he said
Would, like the rose where'er it blows, the same
sweet odors shed.

So many things he 'd write about that do not seem
so strange,
For just such things are happening within our vision's range;
How many are the touching scenes that never find
a pen
To anchor them to memory and make them live
again!

But he 's a kind of Midas whose touch turns into
gold
Each little scrap of history that by his muse is
told;
And you have bits of story as thrilling as they 're
true
That Carleton might take up and write, and clothe
in garments new.

Have you not known poor cripples warmed, and
hungry people fed
By hands of kind and gentle touch of whom it
might be said:
"Inasmuch as to these little ones they held the
cooling cup,
They did it to the Holy One whom God hath
lifted up?"

The widows and the fatherless are not forgot we
know,
For there are good Samaritans that still go to and
fro,

Who journey not the risky paths that lead to Jericho,
And those who need to find them have little ways
to go.

The Christmas tide is not the time they squander
all the care
And sympathy and little change that they may
have to spare,
But day by day, and week by week, in all the full
round year
They're on the watch for worthy want to bring to
it good cheer.

Will Carleton's rhymes might smoothly run and
so adorn a tale
When others' lines in such attempts could nothing
else than fail;
And that's the reason why I say, 'Thank God that
Carleton lives,
And, through his homely forms of speech, a glimpse
of heaven gives.

MOSES ALLEN'S PRAYER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY: IN ANTICIPATION OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THE convicts in the prison upon the Sabbath-day

For worship had assembled, to sing, exhort, and pray.

The chaplain with much unction God's blessing did implore

For soul as well as body, and many favors more.

Then followed songs and praises, while many a shipwrecked soul

Sought earnestly and fervently for heavenly control.

Thanksgiving-day approaching, afforded some a theme

For beatific vision and fondly-cherished dream.

At length uprose Mose Allen, a son of Afric's strand,

Whose thoughts were on the future—the day so near at hand.

The happiness he prayed for was not beyond the veil,

But much this side the pearly gates, if but his prayer prevail.

His face was dark as midnight, his speech smacked
of the days

When all his race no other knew in sentence, word,
or phrase.

“O Lord,” he said, “the rich may have their turkey
if they like,

Or oysters from the ocean, or from the stream the
pike;

Or pheasant from the forest, or venison or bear,
Terrapin or tenderloin, and everything that ’s rare;
While they have these luscious things, good Lord,
do not forget

To send this forlorn nigger some food that ’s better
yet.

Send ’possum, Lord, the sweetest, the richest, and
the best

That ’s found in all creation from east to farthest
west;

And this the way to cook him: first scald off all
the hair,

Then scrape him till he glistens, then clean him
out with care.

Then hang him out for freezing, two nights—now
do n’t forget,

That makes his meat more tender, and sweeter
too, you bet;

Then put him in the oven and bake him long and
slow,

And baste him very often, till very brown, you
know.

Then take some sweetentaters and lay them by his
side,
And let them cook in gravy till they are well done
fried ;
Then while he's hot and juicy, put salt and pep-
per on,
And bring him to this nigger to make his dinner
on."

And this was his conclusion, what more was there
to say?

Thus his invocation ended : " For only this I pray,
And if my prayer be granted, no other earthly
bliss
Can be of any consequence compared with such as
this."

At first was indignation upon the chaplain's face ;
Then followed much confusion engendered not of
grace ;
For all the prisoners wondered that such a prayer
could be,
And that Old Moses Allen should utter such a
plea.

Then ended was devotion, and to his cell of gloom
Each convict slowly wended as though 't were to
his tomb ;
In spite of spirit longings—in spite of Sabbath-
day,
The mirth, born of the morning, kept driving grief
away.

Mose Allen's prayer was answered, nine times I
heard them say—

Nine 'possums came in answer before Thanksgiv-
ing-day.

They cooked them as directed, with vegetables
galore,

And such a scene was witnessed as rarely seen be-
fore.

Two guests had Moses Allen about his festal
board,

To taste with him the sweetness within these 'pos-
sums stored;

Two brothers of his color who also had a taste
For food so fitly chosen, and none should go to
waste.

And so they had their pictures, together with their
feast

Spread out before them, taken; Mose Allen as their
priest

Essayed to ask a blessing, impatient to begin

The feast that he had prayed for, yet scarcely hoped
to win.

And then they sang a ditty, and this was the re-
frain

That startled sleepy memories into life again:

“Carve dat 'possum,
O! carve dat 'possum—
And carve him to de heart!”

'Tis sweet to drop the curtain upon a scene so
rare,
This act that was a travesty upon the power of
prayer,
Mose Allen not to heaven that weird petition sent,
But out into a scoffing world his invocation went.

The answer came from places where any uttered
prayer
Was held but in derision—no reverence was there.
Mose Allen, you have taught us that men more
ready are
To heed the light and frivolous than solemn things
by far.

Yet few will blame the ardor with which you
sought your need,
For deep within your nature implanted was the
seed
By Him who has implanted the germs that in us
all
Grow into life and blossom and every thought
forestall.

WHY HE WENT TO THE SHOW.

THIS incident relates to Dr. Gabriel McNeal who died about forty years ago at his home in Jackson County, having lived to a ripe old age in love, peace, and honor with all who knew him.

He was eminent as a physician and surgeon; as a citizen, blameless; and as a Christian, exemplary and devout. Seventy years ago, it may have been, when the rules of the Church to which he belonged were more strictly enforced than at present, he was seriously arraigned before the Church tribunal for an infraction of the rules.

The earnestness of the prosecution and the simplicity of his defense are set forth in the following report of the trial, in which it was not intended to reveal the doctor's identity; but since many have asked to whom it referred, the true name is given:

Not far remote in early days,
There lived a man quaint in his ways,
And quite within remembered ken
Of present well-known living men.
Myself can very well look back
Along the line of mem'ry's track,
And very near the farthest end
Appears the form of Doctor Friend.

Now, Friend in name and deed was he,
A doctor of no small degree;
For he had friends and farms and fame,
And better still a priceless name.
He preached when preacher was away,
And daily was his wont to pray,
And everywhere the impress ran,
He was a true and godly man.

A local preacher then was he;
He served his place acceptably.
His life was blameless, so all said;
His deeds, like pearls on golden thread,
Were often praised, and safety lay
In walking in the doctor's way;
No censure lit upon his head
To stay, was often truly said.

How few there be who do not stray
Some time in life from out the way
That some call virtue to its lack,
And haply strike some other track.
Alas! the day that such as he
Should victim be of such decree!
He went to see a circus show—
Down went his name to levels low.

The fathers of the Church convened
And called him to the bar. He seemed
Undaunted, unconcerned, and cool,
As though arraignment were the rule.

They asked him what he had to say,
That he should break the rules that way?
He said, with childlike innocence,
"I did not mean to give offense.

I rode into the town one day,
And everywhere along the way
I pictures saw of painted men,
Who entered in the lion's den."
"All that we know," the fathers said,
"But what excuses can you plead?
The moral standard we must keep
Uplifted high and rooted deep."

"As I was saying, then," said he,
"As I went into town, you see,
I saw a picture of a horse
Cavorting round the narrow course,
And on his back a pretty maid
Stood up and danced, and there she staid."
"Well, well," the fathers said once more,
"You told us just as much before.
Now, how can you justify
Your conduct, which you do n't deny?"

"As I was saying, as I went
To town my eyes were often bent
On pictures big as life that showed
How women danced and gayly rode,
With just one foot on horseback bare,
The other whirling in the air."

"Yes, yes," the fathers holding sway,
"What have you of yourself to say?"

"As I was saying," then said he—
"Permit me to complete my plea—
As I was going to the town,
I saw some pictures of the clown.
He seemed to smile from ear to ear,
And in a hundred shapes appear."
"Shame, shame, for very shame!" they cry,
"Why did you go? Do tell us why."

"As I was saying, there were swings,
And flying men who had no wings,
Who seemed to go from side to side
As swiftly as a bird might glide."
"All that we know, but once again,
Be frank with us, your fellow-men,
And tell us what you have to say,
That you should break the rules that way?"

"As I was saying, as I went
These pictures wrought to such extent
Upon my own credulity,
That I resolved that I would see
Just for myself if it were so,
And I made up my mind to go,—
The reason why I'll now tell you,
I thought these things they could not do."

And so it was, I've understood,
The fathers changed their wrathful mood;

They let him sing and preach and pray
In his accustomed, fervent way ;
And many yet remain to bless
His candor and his righteousness ;
Nor spangled maid nor stripéd clown
Could serve to cast the doctor down.

A PHANTOM QUEST;
OR,
THE BACHELOR'S BANQUET.

UPON a cool December night
Some seven spirits stalked abroad,
And peered into the darkling light
For kindred spirits, and were awed
By what they saw. Then each began
To ask his fellow what might be
The end and purposes of man,
His mission and his destiny.

Repeatedly they asked, and still
No answer came that satisfied
The aching void they could not fill
Within their hearts so sore and dried,
By years of joy themselves denied;
So from the depths their spirits cried
To other depths to them allied,
Imploring help, and light beside,
Upon a question that seemed pent
Up in their souls, and fiercely burned
To find some satisfying vent,
A guerdon that their zeal had earned.

Their wanderings were met with grief,
No solace from their vigils came;
From each in vain each sought relief,
To be denied. But still the same

Desire held each one in suspense
Of what might be the happy quest
And its result and consequence,
They hoped to be supremely blest.

They sought the presence of the fair,
They opened up their souls' desire;
They fain would lay aside their care,
And yet would fan the inward fire
That burned but could not yet consume
The tender longings that held sway,
And hope was born, and there was bloom
Where hope had sent his shining ray.

But still "the Corridors of Time"
Were called to witness and reveal
What never has been hid. Sublime
Is just the word! and his appeal
Fell cold before the phantom feet
That still pressed forward to discern
What lessons did this sage repeat
That they should profit by and learn;
Resuming once again, he taught
Them that their lives were lived in vain
Unless they dared do as they ought,
Let pleasure come, or follow pain.

The time for action was at hand,
And he proceeded to intrench
Himself and his entire command
Behind a wall of splendid *French*,

And thus did he expound the law
That governs like for like; said he,
“’T was ever thus; *Erin go Bragh*
Will always seek affinity.

Sic Semper Tyrannis. Let go
Traditions and be like a man,
Stand for your rights, and blow for blow
Your motto be. Win if you can.
Similia, Similibus Curantur,
Holds good in all you do in love,
Your joys without will be but scander;
Weigh well my words and so improve.

Take courage, boys, and on Life’s sea
Still keep your sails well set and trim,
For surely you will find to be
Some lovely maidens in the swim.
So furl your sail and drop your net
And use your choicest skill to scoop
Some lovely creature from the wet,
And keep yourself from out the soup.”

With French and Latin well equipped
He made an end of his advice,
The phrases ran and fairly skipped
From off his tongue just in a trice.
But still “the Corridors of Time”
Were called to witness and reveal
What never had been hid; Sublime
Is just the word, and his appeal

Fell cold before the phantom feet
That still pressed forward to discern
What lessons might this sage repeat
That they should profit by and learn.

And then a man of legal cares
Was called, that haply he might tell
How with the fair a fellow fares,
And what the signs that he fare well.
Alas! he said, a better lot
They now enjoyed than pastures new;
And for the moment he forgot
His spouse was near. His sally threw
Confusion into camp and field
Until by word and phrase adroit
He gracefully came round to yield,
And showed his skill in the exploit.

A clergyman arose and said
That he was there the knot to tie
For any who might wish to wed
And enter Life's sobriety.
A lawyer quickly gained his feet;
"And I am ready to procure
Divorce, should any indiscreet
Resort to Hymen's armature."

A doctor schooled and skilled and wise
Was called upon to state the way
His wisdom would mayhap advise
The ghost of doubt to drive away.
He said that he had not found out
The peaceful paths for which they sought,
He soon might enter on the route

So full of apprehension fraught.
And then he tried, and tried in vain
To make believe he did digress,
And that to him there was no bane
Pent up* in single blessedness.

The ladies rallied to the scene
And every heart was quickly stirred,
For surely there would intervene
Some swift and sure and potent word.
One said, "The burning question ask,
Go ask it at some lady's shrine;
Thou 'lt be rewarded for thy task,
Some answer will be surely thine."
Another said, "I know, but keep
The precious secret in my breast;
Would any know, he first may seek,
And I know how to do the rest."

And so these phantoms into night
All vanished, sadder than before;
They still bewail their hopeless plight,
And shrink from what might be in store.

We saw them fix their weary gaze
Adown the "Corridors of Time,"
They seemed to them to be ablaze
With glory and with sights sublime;
They thought they saw posterity,
In multitudes, a mighty host,
And everything that they could say
Was this: "I am thy father's ghost!"

FAREWELL TO MR. J. F. TOWELL.

FRIEND Towell, must you go away?
What put you in the notion,
Like Empire's Star, to take your way
Almost to Western Ocean?

We fondly dreamed that you would stay,
No matter what inducement,
And help us keep the wolf away,—
That innocent amusement.

We'll miss you, we who stay at home,
Whom Poverty still lashes
And still decrees we ne'er shall roam,
But sit among our ashes.

Had we the means to get away,
We, too, might take the journey;
There's little comfort so to stay
By proxy or attorney.

We hope your eyes will see for us
Some beautiful possession;
Should you become a rusticus,
We plead for the succession;

But have no thought that we do dare
To intercept relations;
We can not hope to be your heir,
No such insinuations.

I mean if we should westward stray
In search of better grazing,
With wealth enough to get away,—
A thing somewhat amazing.

We've known you, O, it seems so long!
It seems almost forever;
But we are all so very young,
And you so very clever.

It seems we've known you everywhere,
And everywhere have tried you,
And always found you true and square
To every one beside you.

We've met you in the Board of Trade,
And heard your resolutions,
How money might be spent or made;
Indorsed we your conclusions.

We've met you where the wise ones meet,
So called the City Fathers,
Whose measures always so discreet,
Still gave us many bothers.

We've met you where some honest man
Had into trouble fallen,
You helped him consummate a plan
To pay the utmost farthing.

And then there came up from your heart
A great big kind of bubble,
That seemed to serve at once to start
That man right out of trouble.

We've met you at the social board
Where jests around were passing,
And never could we well afford
Your presence should be missing.

We've seen you—but we need not be
So very circumstantial,
You have your rights as well as we,
And every other man shall,

To go wherever he may please,
So to himself 't is pleasing,
To rest or toil or irk or ease,
Or be it only sneezing.

We'll miss you when the hat goes round,
That strict religious duty,
And something less will there be found,
Of consecrated booty.

We'll miss you when we come to raise
A sort of contribution,
To sound abroad our city's praise,
Our own pet institution.

We'll miss you when we want a man
To stand forth in the battle,
To strike as only true men can,
Not crouch like driven cattle.

We'll miss you in our Reading Club
When our good constitution
Will need another turn and rub,
And by-laws need solution.

We'll miss you when we Hamlet play,
And Hamlet needs Horatio
To help him keep the ghost away,
Though call it up he may though.

We'll miss you when the banquet's spread,
Should ever we thus gather,
As in times past, and hallowéd
Will be your name forever.

We know not whom we'll miss the most,
The father or the daughter ;
You who so oft have been our host,—
To be such hostess taught her.

You made us feel like well-worn shoes
(Excuse a phrase so homely,
For such we're oft impelled to use
To picture things so comely).

Now, well-worn shoes are easy said
To be, and so delightful,
And so you see 't is nothing bad
We mean, the phrase is rightful.

We can not tell how many ways
We'll miss your kindly faces ;
But more than all in future days
We'll miss your sunny graces.

As far as east is from the west
Must be our separation ;
You bear with us our love the best
That knows no alteration.

O'er Alpine heights and snowy peaks
A subtle language ever speaks,
A language, too, that kindred hearts
May understand in all its parts.

Its nouns and verbs and adjectives,
And all the life that in it lives;
And when you see the morning glow
In tints of soft vermillion, know

That from our hearts there shines for you
From east to west such lovelit hue;
And when we see the western sky,
We'll think we catch your loving eye,
And wonder not if still the while
We think we see your well-known smile.

'T is thus 't will be in memory
Till time with us shall cease to be,—
Till we the unknown sea shall cross,
Whose waves erelong shall o'er us toss.

But we have hope, and that consoles
And serves an anchor to our souls
That when we reach the other side
Friends with friends shall e'er abide,

Not sundered by an east and west,
But gathered to our common rest;
A place where many mansions be,
Where Christ shall say, "Come, dwell with me."

THE UNACCOMPLISHED TASK.

I CAN not write the chronicles,
 About the olden times;
I can not walk the paths again
 That lie through *Auld lang syne*.
There be too many graves along
 The border of the way,
And withered are so many flowers
 That once were bright and gay.

So many faces that were young,
 And some were wond'rous fair,
Now show the blush of youth no more,
 But much the lines of care.
However much their hearts may yearn
 To live these seasons o'er,
Through sorrow all have had to learn
 Such seasons come no more.

I've tried so much to call to mind
 The scenes of other days
On which a genial sunlight shone
 With soft and loving rays.
'T is like the mist through which I peer
 With eager loving gaze,
But at my bidding reappear
 Few glimpses of those days.

We met at stated times to read
Selections that with care
Were chosen from a hundred books
Or more, I do declare.
There were not books enough in town
To cater to our greed,
And where the author of renown
Whose books we did not read?

And when the reading hour was done
And business hastened through,
There came a carnival of fun
And games both old and new.
There was not any one so staid,
As you remember well,
Who did not in the chorus join,
And help the song to swell.

Conundrums oft were passed around,
And crude and homely rhymes,
And merry laugh did oft abound—
A little loud betimes.
'Twas then the hand of friendship gave
Its answer warm and kind
To greetings that were well indorsed
By heart and soul and mind.

The greetings full of right good-will
And gladness unrepressed—
These things, I still remember well—
Were had for every guest.

Then is it strange that this appears
To be the pleasing part
That struggles uppermost to tell
Its annals to my heart?

They tell of gentle tones that still
We oft are pleased to hear,
And faces that we looked on then
Still young and fair appear.
We listen to the tones that thrilled
Our souls, and pathos lent
To every thought their words expressed
In breathings eloquent.

I well remember how the fruit
Was always passed around,
When rosy apples and good cheer
Did also much abound.
If there was more of the repast
Than just the fruit beside,
The constitution, you 'll observe,
Was slightly set aside.

O how this instrument was strained
When ices, cakes and cheese,
And oysters fit to feed a king,
Our palates oft did please!
But not a man was ever found
To murmur or protest;
We liked that style of boarding round
And living on the best!

Our constitution could survive
Such trifles now and then,
As nonsense often is enjoyed
By e'en the best of men.
The conscientious ladies tried
To bring about reform,
But ever with each other vied
To furnish viands warm.

We've not forgotten "Little Nell,"
As she was once portrayed,
Nor yet the blind girl, as she seemed,
Who dollies' costumes made;
She since has entered on the path
That seemed to her the way
On which the angels came and went
In heavenly array.

Perhaps you sometimes bring to mind
How "Hamlet" walked the stage,
And shuddered at his father's ghost,
And died amid his rage;
"Polonius" giving such advice
As we do well to heed;
"Ophelia" plucking at the flowers
Whose language she might read.

How "Shylock" clamored for his own,
And Portia's tender plea;
"Antonio's" readiness to yield
The fleshy penalty.

How "Jessica" could money spend,
And crush the "Shylock's" heart;
The readiness "Lorenzo" had
To take the daughter's part.

The banquets given in great state
Are often thought of yet;
The gallantry of sundry beaux
The ladies don't forget;
The "picnics" that the law prescribed
Were jolly to be sure,
But now I speak from hearsay, and
My knowledge is obscure.

I wish that we could only send
A message out to-night,
As full of love and right good-will
As heaven is of light,
To every soul that ever formed
A link within this chain
We call the "Portsmouth Reading Club,"
And woo it back again.

But some have gone beyond the stars—
No more will they return;
But we to them, on stricken hearts,
Sweet incense still may burn.
'T is sweet to think that we have walked
Beside them here below,
And that the same companionship
May yet be ours to know.

I often think if we would be
Consistent when we sing,
We ought to take the good advice
Ourselves are offering.
If we would "know each other there,"
A little kindness here
Would help acquaintance very much
In that celestial sphere.

Kind hearts are coins when they are stamped
With sanction of the heart ;
But words won't stock Affection's Bank,
Sincerity apart ;
The spurious coin is set aside
More quickly than we know,
And how much less 't will stand the test
Up there than here below.

Then do not ask me that I write
In chronicled array
The doings of our dear old Club
That we enjoy to-day ;
But let me talk as old men may
When children cluster round,
And ask for stories old and new
In which old men abound.

I can not look across the years
Without a tinge of grief ;
But notwithstanding there are tears,
Smiles stand out in relief.

I dare not speak of years to come,
But I can pray and wait,
And trust that opened wide shall be
For us the Pearly Gate!

THE BAFFLED PROPHECY.

A VOICE came floating through the air,
I need not tell you whence nor where,
Which bade me write and thus declare
What may transpire the coming year.
You well may think I stood aghast:
The future is a domain vast,
Nor dare I venture to forecast
Her fruitful stores however near.

Again the voice the silence broke,
And said, "The Muses please invoke,
And then with kindly, gentle stroke,
You may assume the task is done."
I only could again protest
The Muses' wings will not take rest
Whatever longings fill my breast;
They're not so lightly wooed and won.

The voice replied, "Do not refuse;
I only ask you to amuse,
And therefore summon up the Muse,
And speak of things that are to come."
It is so hard to answer, "No,"
In presence of the kindly glow
That sits upon a face we know
To be of honesty the sum.

Then timidly did I reply,
"To do this wondrous thing I'll try,
Though not to scan futurity,
While I may add to pleasure's feast;"
For though a prophet I might be,
And though I could e'en dimly see
What is to come, 't were true of me
Of prophets I'm the least.

And so I asked the voice to be
My angel that should wait on me,
And bring me wine, if wine need be,
To cheer me in my ordained task.
And then she bade me truly tell
If all should go or ill or well
Within our club, and thus the spell
Was put upon me like a mask.

She bade me see with other eyes,
And speak of visions that might rise
Before me, even though surprise
O'erwhelm and daze my feeble sense.
With pencil in my toil-worn hand,
I looked athwart an unknown land
On things I could not understand,
And I ventured to commence.

As once upon the mount was stayed
An arm uplifted and arrayed
To take a life, so I, dismayed,
Cried out in grief, "I can not see!

The things that lie within the year
Whose happy birth is almost here,
May not to mortal eyes appear,
And surely not to such as me."

The voice implored me yet to stay;
There might be lions in the way,
But chained, and safely I might stray
At will in her unknown domain.
My horoscope she bade me turn
To Pleiades, and there discern
The signs that in their luster burn
For men, forever to remain.

The seven stars sped on their way,
Nor paused a moment e'en to say
A single word. I rued the day
I ever dared to give consent
To enter on a doubtful task,
Because a friendly voice might ask
Me to assume a prophet's mask
However kindly to me lent.

How easily I might portray
The happenings that any day
Or any year might in its way
Hold always in its varied store!
I well could say there will not lack
Of sorrows many, and their track
Will cross each life and then flow back
As in the days and years before.

I too might say, for there is room,
The orange-tree next year will bloom,
And bride shall be, and so bridegroom,
 And joy o'erflow the blissful cup ;
And there will be the pristine kiss
That lovers prize with all its bliss ;
'T will be bestowed, and not amiss
 The nectar that they gladly sup.

The painful things that always be,
That come to all, to you and me,
Will come again and all shall see
 Their blasting and their fatal blight.
But nameless now the brooding ills,
'T is worry that more often kills
Than maladies that doctors' pills
 Are said to cure almost at sight.

I have no doubt but there will stray
From out our fold and go away
Some worthy friend ; and then we may
 Do just as we have done before :
We'll speed and bless the parting guest,
And wish him in his future quest
For joy, whatever earth holds best
 Of honor, lucre, love, or lore.

And shadows o'er our way shall fall,
As shadows do o'er one and all,
And there may rise a stubborn wall
 We think we have not strength to pass ;

But there will be a voice to say,
"Right onward, pilgrim, take thy way!
Who heeds my voice shall never stray,
Nor find the heavens o'er him brass."

Perplexed and stranded on the sands
That seas wash up from many lands,
Our barque shall beat, and weary hands
Shall reef and furl the shattered sails;
Our signal guns shall send afar,
And there will shine from out some star
The signal that though every spar
Is lost, love's anchor never fails.

An anchor that will surely hold
Where ropes of sand are ropes of gold,
It loses naught in growing old,
But mellows as does long-stored wine;
And may our club put to the test
This quality not strained at best,
This charity, the loveliest
Of gems in all life's well-searched mine.

Bring wine, good angel, there is need,
The wine of gladness, not of greed,
For peace and concord intercede;
And may next year be blithe and bright
With gems that in their way outshine
The stones from out Golconda's mine,
All gathered to our well-loved shrine
Which we in peace surround to-night!

THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PORTSMOUTH READING CLUB.

OCTOBER 13, 1885.

I SAW a little boy at play,
That is, I see him now,
As mem'ry lightens up the way
Adown the past, and how
I see in all his whims and ways
The earnest of his future days,
The things that please, and yet annoy,
I see myself that very boy!

I saw a slender lad at school;
He spelled and read and played,
And sometimes broke the teacher's rule,—
Quite often, I'm afraid!
I see him sliding down the hill,
And playing pranks with hearty will,
And now and then a little sad,
As I think now; I was that lad!

I saw a youth, who, growing tall,
Was bashful, not with boys,
But when with girls, I now recall
To keep his equipoise
Was more than ordinary task,
And should you stop me here and ask
To say in solemn, very truth,
"Who now?" I'd say, "I was that youth!"

I saw that youth some taller grown;
He had a pensive air,
Or, was it verdant? I must own
It would that color bear.
An anxious look, he wore, 't is true,
Sometimes indulged in being blue,
But rallied oft you may be sure,
And it was I who was demure.

I look again, and he had learned
More lessons than a few,
And in life's battlefield had won
Such plaudits as were due.
The friends of other days became
As aliens some, and some in name
Were only friends, while others grew
But more endeared, for they were true.

Again the years have sped apace,
And brought, in their own time,
The cares of manhood and its place,—
A privilege sublime!
I saw him then sit down with you
To talk of what we ought to do,
And form a compact that to-day
Stands firm, and may it ne'er decay!

Another stage of life is run,
Another five years sped;
And some with us who thus begun
Have from our presence fled.

We think we see their genial smile,
We think we hear their tones the while;
We know their smiles are hid from sight,
Their voice is hushed, for it is night!

'T is night, but there remains a day
When smiles and tones awake,
And night on wings shall fly away,
And harmony shall break
The silence that shall still prevail,
Till we as well shall pass the veil
That hides from view the loved and lost,
While we are still by tempest tossed.

Go with me still another space
In life's uneven way;
Another goal to make the race,
Ten years have passed away;
Ten years that bore their changes still,—
Ten years that did not fail to fill
Some cups with joy and some with woe;
How else could ten years come and go?

We met as we meet here to-night
About a banquet spread;
There beamed from every face a bright
And well-pleased look. We said
Such things as we shall say again,
And oft repeat, as a refrain
Is sung when ends a merry song
To waft it further still along.

Withal there was a plaintive chord,
 An all-subduing tone,
As fell the sadly spoken word
 Of those already gone.
Their names were written in their place ;
We saw the name, but saw no face,
And yet when spoken was the name,
From out the name no answer came.

What could we then but bow the head,
 Awhile let silence reign?
The time and place were hallowéd
 And brought the living gain.
Henceforth so numbered be our days
That unto wisdom's better ways
They may forever be applied,
To which our hearts "Amen" replied.

I scarcely dare recount the years
 That since have intervened ;
I see them studded with our tears,
 I see them scarred and seamed.
For there were those we ill could spare
Whose spirits now are in the air ;
Who knows but that they hover near?
Who knows but that they now are here?

Now fifteen years have sped their way,
 We bind them in a sheaf ;
We put them in a shock to-day
 They hold our joy and grief ;

Within the shock is golden grain,
The fruitage of the early rain
And later moisture and the dew,
The harvest is for me and you.

As years go on, and growing old
Our club is said to be,
It scarcely need to us be told
That growing old are we.
Our inner natures still rebel,
Yet every sense confirms it well,
Our hearts are young, and therefore we
As well as erst can hear and see.

Our hearing may be better kept,
But sight is less at home ;
She wandered slightly while we slept
And dim has she become.
We still can recognize our friends,
By sight accomplish many ends,
But when we want to closely scan,
We use our glasses, every man.

The ladies, bless them, are endowed
With everlasting youth ;
Nor growing old can be allowed,
And I affirm the truth ;
Dear ladies, you are just as young
As when we altogether sung
The praises of some "Auld lang syne,"
Referring to some former time.

If ever you should wear a glass,
 'T would be from some defect ;
Its use may very often pass
 For brilliant intellect ;
Age steals apace, but makes no sign,
And boldly crosses manhood's line,
But leaves the ladies still as young
As when the songs of youth they sung.

Say not that I a fiction weave,
 And tell a tale untrue ;
I still affirm and will believe
 These very things of you.
Now do not think to catch me here
In what to some one might appear
At best a doubtful compliment,
For every word I said I meant.

I think you all look very young,
 Enjoying life's hey-day ;
The sweetest song you ever sung
 You still might sing to-day.
And though I know I'm growing old,
And treading on the unknown wold
The future spreads before my feet,
I render you the praise that's meet.

But I believe that there awaits,
 When here your work is done,
Abundant entrance at the gates
 Where heaven is begun.

God grant that it begin below,
And on each and all bestow
The earnest of a better day,
When things of earth have passed away !

Some day a banquet will be spread,
And we shall gathered be
To eat, I trust, the living bread,
A loving company.
With those already gone before
Who wait upon the farther shore,
We 'll join our hands and sing our songs,
And render praise where praise belongs.

And by and by the Crystal Sea
Shall part its waves, and we
Shall pass its bounds and ever be
From earthly cares set free.
But while we linger on this side
Its ebbing, flowing, restless tide,
We 'll join our songs and look away
To what shall be our "perfect day."

LIFE'S PROMISE AND PROSPECT.

I STAND on the threshold of life,
And look down the broad central aisle ;
I behold its bustle and strife,
But the prospect pleases the while.

By the light of the grand chandelier,
So well christened Hope, I can see,
Though dimly it oft may appear,
A fair reservation for me.

'Tis thus to each mortal, I 'm told,
Is the vision in youth's early years ;
But the house of the soul growing old,
The luster and glare disappears.

But better be happy in dreams
Than never be happy at all ;
If the future is not what it seems,
It surely has little of gall.

The bitter lies most in the past
In deeds that no pleasure recall,
In words that in anger were cast,
And hang like weights on the soul.

The shadows I see on the wall,
Perhaps the handwriting of Fate;
But I have the assurance of all
That all find them true soon or late.

The past I can plainly discern,
Its problems are mostly made plain;
But small is the light that in turn
It casts on the future's domain.

Youth seems like the dawn of a day
When the sky's with glory pierced through,
While beneath are the flowers of May,
Bedecked with bright jewels of dew.

A silence then reigns in the breast,
Not disturbed with the discord of care,
While songs of joy, in melody dressed,
Still warble their harmony there.

But the blush of the morning, I'm told,
Travels not very far with the day,
Nor even the flowers can hold
The dew gems from stealing away.

The song that at first was so clear
Is lost in the buzz of the throng,
Is only heard in memory's ear,
And memory bears it along.

The morning seems scarcely begun
Before it is high shining noon ;
Our race is no less swiftly run,
And manhood o'ertakes us too soon.

And e'en while we bask in the shade
Of the tree our hands nurtured best,
The sun, we find, no halting has made,
But has hurried on to the west.

Then comes the night, when labor is done ;
The fruit of the toil of the day
Is gathered and garnered in one—
Even so life passes away.

The lesson I thus would convey,
If need be, is briefly expressed :
To work well while yet it is day,
The reward shall be a sweet rest.

DEPARTED COMRADES.

GONE are the days of weeping;
So fervently we pray
In the bosom of God's keeping
Are those who passed away.

Passed in life's bright morning,
Before the gentle dew
In mist to heaven returning,
Had bidden earth adieu.

They did not strive for glory,
Or yet for earth's renown,
Or mention in its story,
Or dream of victor's crown.

They died to save a country
From devastation's blight,
A people from the thralldom
Of servitude's fierce might.

Against the vaunted boastings
That lurid made the air,
Those brave and valiant heroes
Their bosoms dared to bare,—

Yet raised their hands for smiting,
And proved their hearts of steel,
And shrank not from the fighting
That sought a country's weal.

Gone are the tens of thousands
Who marshaled on the field ;
To battle for their hearthstones,
They swore they would not yield.

They died with hopes as cherished
As those within your breast,
And yet undaunted, perished ;
Be theirs a peaceful rest !

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

A MEASURED word may much express;
However much, it still is less
Than what an act so kindly done
Can do. 'T is thus our hearts are won.

A fitly spoken word may be
A silver picture, and we see
Its beauties one by one unfold—
And then its setting of pure gold.

And yet the word can not excel
That touch and act that speak so well,
That language might be wholly dead
If *words* alone were merely *said*.

But here we have both bud and bloom,
And lovely tint and sweet perfume;
You gave us flowers, while we to you
Give thankful words, while more is due.

A WORD IN SEASON—ON THE SEASONS.

OLD Winter is a jealous thing,
And little cares he whether
Any smiles are left for Spring,
So he gets in the weather.

When everybody said, "How warm!
Our Spring has leaped to Summer!
Jack Frost can do us no more harm
Against this ardent comer;"

Jack shook his sides and blew his breath
And said: "Do n't be so certain;
Don't count too surely on my death,
I'm just behind the curtain."

The people laughed and took to gauze,
And cast aside their woolen
Underclothes and overcoats, because
There is no use in foolin'.

Then, like Ixion at the wheel,
Jack always has his inning;
And from his whims there's no appeal,
Not now, nor from beginning.

That fellow with the frosted hair
Is ready with his warning ;
Spring would better have a care
How she puts on adorning ;

For Jack will sit upon her lap
Despite her protestations,
And teach her not to set her cap
For any more relations.

For after Summer comes a Fall ;
It is the law of seasons ;
The same thing follows pride, and all
For sundry occult reasons.

That Winter, Summer, Fall, and Spring
May settle to their notion,
But Jack, the envious, jealous thing,
Has caused all this commotion.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

*"The poems here at home!—who'll write 'em down
Jes as they air—in country and in town?"*

JAMES Whitcomb Riley, tell us why
You have the least concern
About the rhymes of present times
That ought to glow and burn
Within the bosom leal and true
To customs we enjoy,
And all the fads that fashion adds
To brighten or to cloy.

We do not need to sing of greed
That grasps at all in sight,
That ugly sin has always been
A wrong the muse would right.
Love be our theme? No, 't was the dream
Begun with Eden's bliss,
In every age, on every page,
'T was written as in this.

The loves of old have well been told
And we can but repeat
The dulcet strain o'er and again
With measures half so sweet.
Dear Riley, we've no cause to grieve
That we are called to view
The passing scenes, the shadows, sheens,—
The old as well as new.

For we may sit where Age has lit
Her torch to light the past,
And hear the lore long known before
In form of beauty cast.
No one can tell of all so well
As you have thus far told,
And all agree that yours shall be
The coronet that gold

Can not possess, and none the less
The prize is your award;
No fitter hands could wield the bands
Than yours, most noble bard.
A laurel wreath we do bequeath
To place upon your brow,
Because your song and name belong
Together here and now.

WE HOLD OUR APRONS.

IN RESPONSE TO WILL LAMPTON'S ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE
PORTSMOUTH READING CLUB THAT HE WOULD
TAKE HIS FLIGHT TO PORTSMOUTH.

DEAR Lampton, we thank you for coming this
way,

And calling a halt, if but for a day;
And where should we look but up in the sky
To see you approaching? for you are so *fly*.
We've watched you, old fellow, and many a tip
We've had from your pen. You know how to clip
The pinions of Folly, and that while she flies,
No matter how low or how high in the skies.

We're holding our aprons and looking right up,
And waiting to hold you our own loving cup.
We're glad that you pause, rejoiced that you think
It about the right thing to stop here and drink.
This is the draught that we bid you to quaff:
We thank you so much for making us laugh;
We've thought you as sober as sober could be,
And oft we got ready to cry, do you see?

You were ever so sober, or seemed so yourself,
When a sly bit of humor, a fun-loving elf
That you had let loose from the tip of your pen,
Provoked us to smiling again and again.

Wherever you go and wherever you stray,
We'll welcome you always when coming this way.
Time is propitious in bringing about
The good that we long for and can't do without.

He evens up things. O would that 't were so!
A good way to think, but better to know.
He has done a good thing in bringing you here
After seasons have run into many a year.
For some of these boys and some of these girls
Remember you, Will, when you still wore the curls
That your mother, good soul, used to smooth and
divide
And try to control with commendable pride.

And right here it is we pause to inquire
If you part your hair now a little bit higher
Than the side of your head. That is the way
The most of the young men are doing to-day.
Well, that is all right,—some elderly men
Are doing the same, we find now and then:
We pause to inquire, that we may at sight
Know you at once as soon as you 'light.

We've read of the boy when later a man,
We've laughed at his jokes; we laugh when we can,
For sad news will come on steeds that are fleet,
While Joy stays behind with lead on his feet.
Our ships sail out on the far-away seas,
And their sails still refuse to nurse the home
breeze;

And their prows turn away, perhaps, to the pole,
And their rudders evade our slightest control.

Ah! me, I am writing a dirge, when I meant
To sing you a song with jollity blent.
We thank you again and again and again;
We enjoy every word of your merry refrain.
We feel like patting the boy on the head,
But he is no boy—a stalwart instead.
The trophies we bring to lay at your feet
Are memories tender and loving and sweet.

There is only one thing that seems to remain
That our cup be as full as it can contain:
We long for your coming, O why will you stay?
We cherish your greeting and fervently pray
That the boy that we knew, though now a man
 grown,
May live long and prosper, though he travel alone.
He must be lonesome and ought to do better,
Find a sweet girl, and woo her and get her.

For some of us think that in some fairy clime,
You will find yourself stranded by Old Father
 Time;
On some friendly shoal, when least you suspect,
Your singular views will be hopelessly wrecked,
And a pair of bright eyes will bring you to bay,
And a pair of deft hands will bind you for aye;
Blest be the bondage, if such you may find,
And unspeakable woes,—just leave them behind.

You speak of Ambition, and call it a cheat,
And Hope, the dear charmer whose Trilby-like feet
Are fair to behold, that linger near by
However the clouds may frown in the sky.
The guerdon of Wealth and Glory, how few
Have ever obtained it! The guerdon for you
Must be the enjoyment that comes from the sight
Of faces made brighter and burdens more light.

You scatter but smiles while flitting across
This sorrow-strewn world, so much of it dross.
Hope and Ambition and you are still friends,
Conspiring to compass most laudable ends.
And so we rejoice that this trinity
Abide as our guest so welcome that we
Have only the words of joy on our lips,
While each at the loving cup lingers and sips.

"All things come to him who patiently waits,"
But how shall we pass so many locked gates?
So many of us must peep o'er the wall
For the only faint glimpse accorded at all—
Of glory and honor and splendor and such
Pleasing things as we long for and covet so much.
Ours be the task to abide by our lot,
Patient, undaunted, and murmuring not.

So often we think they are just in our grasp,
But the gates are firm held in Destiny's clasp,
From swinging on hinges that may be of gold
And leave us outside, outside in the cold.

Not one of us, Will, who does not look back
Through vistas where pleasures and joy did not
lack,

But they have emerged on deserts of sand
Where streams bided not to gladden the land.

But still 't is a pleasure to pause and to think
That you have still managed to get a full drink
Of nectar that flows clear down from the top
Of Parnassus to you. You don't let it stop,
But send it along to sweeten the cup
From which we are drinking, and quite fill it up.
We are holding our aprons to help you alight,
And welcome, thrice welcome, our greeting to-night.

1895.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL HAYES.

WHEN DYING, GENERAL HAYES SAID, "I KNOW I AM GOING
WHERE LUCY IS."

I AM drawing near the portal,
And see it open wide;
I am stepping in the river,
And I see the other side.
I look back o'er my journey,
And the friends of long ago
Now pass across my vision
As they travel to and fro.
All these have gone before me
To that mysterious land
That I shall soon discover,
And where my feet shall stand;
And I shall soon be with them,—
The friends of long ago—
And that a cordial greeting
Awaits me there I know.

But that which most delights me
Is, when I reach that place,
That through my new-found vision
I'll gaze on Lucy's face.

GREETING AND FAREWELL.

THERE are days when the visions before us
Are bright as the light of the morn;
When the rays of the stars that are o'er us
Enclothe us with light all their own.
There is joy in each thing that has motion,
And everything seems to have 'soul,
If beast or if bird, if air or if ocean,
A spirit seems each to control.

And then the sweet smile of that spirit
That shines right down in the heart
Is the boon that we all may inherit
And make of our being a part.
Our being? Yea more than our being,
True living, God grant that it be,
That life that shrinks not from his seeing
Nor longs from his presence to flee!

The days when the sweet angel whispers
The words of virtue and truth,
Are those when she stoops down and kisses
The brow of innocent youth;
When the days that are evil yet tarry
And yet is withheld their dark blight,
Ere the time that the burdens we carry
Make us long for the coming of night.

I look in your sweet smiling faces,
And gladness I see written there
By the hand that evermore traces
The lines that are graceful and fair.
'T is the evil of earth that distorts them,
And makes them a story to tell
That the good angel never intended
Within your life's annals should dwell.

Even now your hearts are inditing
The story that your life shall tell,
Your heart is directing the writing—
O see that it be written well!
Each pulse-beat a letter is written
That time can never efface,
Each word is a passport to heaven,
Or else to the opposite place.

And are we not each one erecting
A mansion with words and with deeds,
And are we not each one selecting
The stones as the building proceeds?
Are they pebbles brought up from the valley,
And bedded in water and sand;
Or blocks from the cliffs of hard granite
That the onset of time shall withstand?

I would that your lives were all studded
With gems full rich for a crown,
That your souls may ever be flooded
With light that God sendeth down.

That your path may be lined with fair flowers
Whose odors your coming may greet,
That blessings come down in rich showers
Till time and eternity meet.

This is the greeting I send you,
As borne on the wings of a dove:
The peace of our Father defend you,
Environed about with his love.
To meet you, dear friends, will be pleasure,
Whenever such meeting may be;
The love I extend in full measure,—
I trust such is meted to me.

THE END.

